PHILOMYTHIE
or
PHILOMYTHOLOGIE
wherein
Outlandish Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, are taught to Speake true English plainely.

By Tho: Scot Gent.

Philomithus est aliquo modo philosophus: fabula enim ex miris constituitur.

The second edition much inlarged.

LONDON
for Francis Constable
at the white Lyon in
Paules Churchyard.
1616.

A PRÆMONITION
to the intelligent Reader.

Leſt he finding his affection or opinion croſt in the praiſe or diſpraiſe of ſome particular, ſhould thereby be drawne to read or reiect the reſt with Prȩiudice.

WHo ſafely in the ſtreame would ſwim,
Muſt free from weedes keep euery lym;
Leſt ſlaue vnto himſelfe he grow,
And vulgar humour drawes him low;
Or ventring in the deeps (too weake,)
Opinions windie bladder breake.
"We ought both in our ſelues and frends,
"To hate all acts with doubtfull ends;
" And loue euen in our foes the good
"Which may be ſeuer'd from their blood.

A And

And if the times miſlead vs ſo,
To ſooth thoſe ſinnes we would not do,
At leaſt (like free-men) let vs thinke
What's good and bad, although we winke.
To this free nature if you finde
Theſe buſie papers much inclinde;
Yet pardon them, and iudge aright,
A free-man (not a ſlaue) did write.
Read for your pleaſure, cloſe the Booke,
On th'innocent outſide all may looke.
Th'intelligent within may prie,
But barre th'Intelligencers eye.

THOMAS SCOT.

SARCASMOS MVNDO,

OR

The Frontiſpice explaned.

HOw apt is Man to erre? Antiquitie
Thinks it ſees right, and yet ſees all awry.
Our ſight is impotent, the helpe we haue
By [a]art-full ſpectacles, doth much depraue
The truth of obiects; And [b]tradition ſaith
Bookes vſe to lye, and Bookes deny her faith.
Eccliſpes of the Sunne were wonders thought
Till ſage *Maleſius* the cauſe out ſought.
And man had not the wit to make a doubt
Of halfe the world, till fortune found it out.
But what this Age hath ſeene, makes that ſeeme truth
The laughing wiſeman wrot, which made the youth
Shed teares to read it; that more worlds remaine
Still vndiſcouer'd then are yet made plaine.
Deepe diuing *Paracelſus* findes the ground
With minerals and mettals to abound,
More proper for our humors then the weedes,
Hearbs, plants, & flowers, which ſpring from weaker ſeeds.
This earth we liue on and do ſtedfaſt call,
Copernicus prooues giddy-braind, and all

a *Arti ſ. Nature for Glaſſes to help her imperfections. If they be not which & ſo for the party that vſeth them, they neither know them to be ſo, nor vnderſtand it.*

b *The Romiſh Cathechiſt, oppoſe the written word with traditions, & ſometimes ſenſes, as they ſerue their ends.*

Thales.

Columbus.

Democr. Alex. Mag.

Thoſe other bodies whoſe ſwift motions we
So wonder at, be ſeeled ſindes to be.
Till ſanctified *Ignatius* and his brood
Found out the lawfull way of ſhedding blood,
And proued it plainely that a ſubiect might
Murther his *Prince*, we fondly vſde t'indite
Such perſons of high treaſon: Now before them
We kneele, we pray, we worſhip and adore them.
For with their merits now w'are more acquainted
And know for zealous *Patriots* they are ſaincted.
His power that doth it, till of late we douted
But now who queſtions it to death are flowted.
Then let what I propound no wonder ſeeme,
Though doting age new truthes do diſ-eſteeme,
For time may make it plaine, and reaſon too
May beare it out, though ſure with much adoe.
Cauſes forgoe effects by courſe of kinde,
Yet firſt th'effect and then the cauſe we finde.
And ſo muſt I do here, propound the thing,
But ſtronger reaſon after-times may bring.
Attend my Doctrine then. I ſay this Earth
On which we tread, from whence we take our birth,
Is not, as ſome haue thought proportion'd round,
And *Globe-like* with ſuch zones, and girdles bound,
As *Poets* or (more lyers) *Trauellers* ſay,
But ſhaped awry, and lookes an other way.
It is a monſtrous Creature like a Man,
Thruſt altogether on a heape, we can
Diſtinguiſh no part, goggle eyes, wide mouth,
Eares that reach both the poles from north to ſouth,
Crumpſhoulderd, breaſt, & back, & thighes together,
The legs and feet all one, if it hath either.

In

a. *The ſoungle of the Iſuits.*

No mireris obiecro, ſi rationes de his affero non poſſim, facis facium putare debes, ſi non omnes probabiles quæ quibus alius, rationes attulerim. Aliquoth eſt mechanicis & me qui diſſeram, & vos qui indicabitis homines eſſe veri probabilia diſcernere nihil mirum ſi requiratis. Plat. in Timæo.

In breefe it is the greatest Master *Deuill*
Throwne down from heauen, in whose wombe euery
Is radically fixt, and from thence springs
Infusing natiue euill, in all such things
As it doth breed and nourish. The place of *Hell*
Is in his wombe, there lesser deuills do dwell:
And when he stirres a limme, or breaketh winde,
We call't an earth-quake, and the danger finde.
Kings, Emperours, and mighty men that tread
In highest state, are lyce vpon his head,
The *Pope* and all his traine are skipping fleas
That know no bounds, but leape lands-law and seas.
The rest are nits or body-lyce, that craule
Out of his sweat, such vermin are we all.
From heauen this monster fell, and now doth lye
Bruzde with the fall, past all recouery.
Neither aliue, nor dead, nor whole, nor sound,
Sinking, and swimming, in a sea profound
Of sinne, and punishment, of paine, and terror,
Of learned ignorance, and knowing error.
No wonder then, that we who liue and dye
On curst earth, do all things thus awry,
Being monstrous in our manners, and our minds,
And mixing in the lust-full change of kinds.
That we are full of passions, doubts, and feares,
And daily fall together by the eares.
No wonder that the Clergy would be Kings,
Kings Church-men; Lords & Ladies equall things;
So like in painting, spotting, starching, all,
That Ladies Lords, and Lords we Madams call.
For euen as Hares change shape and sex, some say
Once euery yeare; these whores do euery day.

So that *Hirquinall* and his wife were waken
By *Iuuenalls* and *Nicholls*, mistaken.
No wonder that Diuines the Parasites play
In ieast and earnest; Actors euery way.
No wonder that some theeues do Lawyers proue,
Since all these euills by course of nature moue,
So darre that it is question'd 'mongst the wise
Which now is vertue, and which now is vice.
Two Crookbacks (not the third *Dicke Glosser* hight,
We will haue none of him, for he would fight)
Debate this question, each assumes his part.
Esops for vertue stands, and all his art,
Is to instruct the world to leaue the sinne,
And folly, which it lyes incompast in;
Weeps to behold it circled so with vices,
Whose serpentine and poysond sting, intices
To fading pleasure, and to deadly paine,
By vlesoone caught, but hardly left againe.
He wries his necke at earth; but 'tis to see
How out of order euery part will bee.
He wills each *Reader* if my tales be darke.
To iudge the best, the morall still to marke.
And where they finde a doubtfull meaning, there
To hold an euen course, and with compasse stere.
But where strict rigor might inforce a doubt,
T'incline to fauour, and to helpe me out.
On th'other side doth learned *Tortus* stand
Concomitant, and beares the world in hand
That *Esope* and some *Stigmaticke* beside,
(In shape and wit) did call well-fauou'rd *Pride*
A vice, because themselues were so deform'd,
At euery pleasure they with malice storm'd;

But

But wiſer much, he doth with better face,
With equall wit, worth, knowledge (but leſſe grace)
Confront ſuch fond aſſertions, lookes awry
On all the world of vertue, giues the lye
To iudgment, and with crooked minde and backe
(*Thirſites* like) vnloades this learned packe.
He teacheth firſt that *Æſope* was a ſlaue,
"But Man's free borne, and freedom ought to haue,
"To worke his owne good pleaſure, fayre content;
"Who liues not thus, hath his whole life miſ-ſpent.
This rule he followes, and laies violent hands
On all that his pride, luſt and will withſtands.
Calls his affection reaſon; his deſire
And appetite, ſets all his world on fire.
His childe, his wife, his neighbour, or his frend,
Is for his pleaſure loued; without that end
No King nor great Lord, can forget ſo ſoone
And ſlight deſert, as he hath often done.
Baſtards are true legitimates, he ſaith:
And enemies then friends, haue far more faith.
His neighbors are moſt ſtrangers, and before
A modeſt wife, he likes a ſhameleſſe whore.
For many whores (he ſaith) he often kept
Without diſturbance; but one night, hauing ſlept
In twenty yeares with his true wife, th'aſſault
Of many Sumners did correct the fault.
What we terme cowardice, he doth valure call,
And in that valure he exceedeth all.
An oyſter-wife once beat him, brauely hee
Bore all her blowes, but wanted heart to flee.
He will on Sundaies with an *Abbot* dine,
On Frydaies, with a brother *Libertine*.

And euery day drinke health's vp to the eye.
He treads not right vnles he treads awry.
The Man of sinne himselfe, is not more free
In doing all forbidden sinnes then hee.
For what he speakes or teacheth, writes or reads,
Only speaks pleasure, and to pleasure leads.
Had [d] *Nero's* froward Tutor (too precise)
Been like our *Philosarchus*, pleasure wise,
And pliant to all humors but the good,
He had with surfetts dyd'e, not lacke of blood.
Learn'd *Aretine* he reads, and can expound
His modest pictures with a touch profound.
That part is his of euery tongue, and arte,
Which stricter *Idiots* tremble at, and starte
To heare recited. This, this man is hee
Who on the forefront you with *Æsope* see.
Æsope that lookes awry on all mens vice;
But this on vertue casteth scornefull eyes.
Æsope makes birds, beasts, fishes, speake and liue
As if their liues should Man example giue
To practise vertue. This (with apt beheasts)
Doth teach all men how to become like beasts.
And saith, whose life these creatures most resemble
Comes neerest truth, and so doth least dissemble.
That Nature is the best guide, if we please
To follow her, then we must follow these.
For these obserue her rules, and are not spoyl'd
By arte, nor haue their able organs foyl'd
With abstinence and lacke of vse, but still
Directed are by appetite and will.
[e] In Kings he would no other vertue see
Then what in Lyons, and in Eagles bee:

d *The fault of Seneca and Sir Thomas Ouerburie.*

e *Looke on the front.*

To

To prey on all, to make their will a law,
To tyrannize, to rule by force and awe,
To feare no higher powers, to do no goood,
But liue to glut themſelues with guiltleſſe blood.
Courtiers he would haue faſhion'd like to apes,
So fond their geſtures, ſo deformde their ſhapes:
So full of idle imitation found,
That ſcorne in thē, our ſtages might confound. (low,
That they ſhold ſtarch & paint white, red, blew, yel-
And then all blacke, that other fooles might follow.
Diuines of Owles he would haue learne to ſhreike,
As if they hated all the world did like:
But hauing got a tree and Iuy buſh,
He then would haue them mute, and dumbe, & huſh,
To ſerue all purpoſes, to hate the light,
And proooue right Blackbirds, children of the night.
Men that want wit, yet haue great place in State,
He would haue like to Parrots, learne to prate
Of others, till with Almonds they were fed.
The reſt like Foxes he would ſtill haue bred
Cloſe, craftie, indirect, to get by ſtealth
The goods both of the Church and Commonwealth.
All ſubiects and inferiors he would haue
Themſelues like Geeſe, and Aſſes to behaue.
Rich men and *Uſurers* to ſwallow all
Directed by the *Dolphine*, and the *Whale*.
ᶠ All men like *Dogs* to flatter, and to bite,
And miſinterpret what we ſpeake or write.
He wills all thoſe that on my papers looke,
To make each line a libell in my booke:
To poyſon with their eyes whatſ'ere they ſee,
And make themſelues ſport, and make worke for me.

ᶠ *Many of his ſchollers haue learned this leſſon.*

Not

Not to beleiue the morall, but to seeke
An other meaning what soe're they like,
And call it mine, and sweare I meant the same,
Although I would not persons plainly name.
And then he wils them laugh to seeke the leaſt,
« An others miſchiefe, makes a merry feaſt.
This Doctor is our Ages guide and Tutor,
The world his Schole, the fleſh his Coadiutor.
No wonder then if we liue all awry,
When on our Maſter wee caſt ſteady eye,
8 *Regia ad exemplum &c.* For « *Alexanders* necke can teach vs this,
« The Schole and Court by greatnes faſhion'd is.
Thus our great Maſters crookednesſe is ſpide
In vs his followers, who no good parts hide
That he hath learn'd vs, but proclaime aloude
The cauſe which makes our vertuous Tutor proud.
If any ſeeke his name, and liſt to come
To ſchole, enquire for *Mum & Autum.*

A

A SVPRLY OF THE

description of * MONSIER PANDORSVS WALDOLYNNATVS, that merry American Philosopher, or the *Wiseman of the New World, being Antipode* to ÆSOP, placed with him as parrallel in the front. Done according to the simple truth of his owne naked delucry.

* *Quasi dorsus pandus.*

AND DEDICATED TO THOMAS THVRSBY Esquire, no lesse fit to be publicke, then desireous of retirement and priuacy.

YOu shun all office, though your state and wit
With long experience makes you truly fit;
Wherefore Pandorsus *wilt me pricke you heere,*
Shriefe in my booke, who might be in the Sheere.

AS the *East* and *West* are opposite, so stand
These *Wise men* in the front on either hand.
Æsope well known an *Easterne* witty thing:
But our *Pandorsus Westerne fame* I sing;
Whose picture in the *Front*, whose markes before,
Behinde, within, without, I late did score;
Yet lest that picture, nor these markes, should make
His worth enough apparant, briefely take

His

His life anatomiz'de, but chiefly where
It may our sucklings with example rere.
The lines are drawne euen by his owne true light,
From partiall flattery free, and enuious spight,
Within that *Sheere* where *Hyndes* with dumplings fed,
Beget best Lawyers, was *Pandorsus* bred:
But for his *Parents* were of better ranke,
And in a *Coaste Towne* dwelt, they Claret dranke,
And wrie-mouth'd *Pluice, breis, butte, & Tode* did eate,
And crooked *Crabs*, with such prodigious meate.
Thus for a wonder they prepande in feeding:
And such hee proou'de, who from that roote had breeding.
Though no *Pandora*, yet *Pandorsus* hee,
For vice as famous, as for vertue shee,
Each God gaue her a grace, and gaue so much
As more then *Momus* thought there was no such.
But what to her they gaue, from him they tooke,
And now in vaine for grace in earth we looke.
Looke for effects according to the cause:
"Our childrens faults are moulded in our mawes.
This salt-fresh-water-daintie diet fed
The parts concupiscible, and there bred
An itching humor, whence extracted was

This quintessence of contraries, this masse
Of Natures shreds and parcels, who partakes
A part of all, which imperfection makes.
A Foxes braines, knowing much wrong, no right;
Gote-bearded, sweete-fac'de, like a Catamite;
Toung'de Lawyer-like, all terme without vacation;
A Baboones loynes, desiring occupation; (lynx,
Crumpe-Cammell-shoulder'd, necked as straight as
One eye like to a Molls, t'other like Lynx;

A Lyons ſtomack, not to fight, but feede;
A Hare in heart, and yet a Snaile in ſpeede.
This is the man whom we *Pandorſus* call.
Whoſe armes or *Rebus* thus we blaſen ſhall.
Vpon a ſtately wall *Saint George* doth ride
(Wanting a horſe) in pompe and armed pride;
Beneath there is a Den, in that the Dragon.
This tells his name, whoſe worthy parts we brag on.
It is his owne deuice, let all men know:
So is the reſt which we in order ſhow.
His Mothers Husband (who reputed was
His Father) being rich and well to paſſe,
A wealthy Merchant and an Alderman,
On forraigne ſhores did trauell now and than,
The whilſt a Gallant Souldier, new come forth
From warre begot this man of mickle worth.
This gallant Souldier, then from *Belgia* brought
A wondrous Mandrake (with much perill bought)
Sprung (though ſome thinke it fabulous) from ſeed
The gallowes drop (for ſo this roote doth breed,)
Which whilſt his mother did in pleaſure eye,
Our *Mounſiers* ſhape, ſhe did conceiue thereby,
Much like that Mandrake, writhen, turning round,
As from the gallowes he had dropt to ground.
And let no doubtfull Reader much admire,
A *Myrmidon* ſhould be *Pandorſus* Syre,
For as there's none with vs get brauer men
Then Lawyers, or the tender Citizen,
So none more cowards get, then thoſe which are
Our braueſt Spirits, moſt renownde in warre.
The cauſe I know not, or I liſt not tell,
But ſo it oft falles out, and heere ſo fell.

None bolder then *Pandorius* Syre, then he
None fearefuller; and yet he needes would be
A Souldier, where the Muſter-booke he fild,
But fought with none, nor ne're ſaw any kild.
Artemon was more hardy, though afraid
Of his owne ſhaddow. Wagers haue been laide,
That let an enemie fart, he would out-run
An Iriſhman, for feare t'ad been a gun.
Where learned *Spencer* maketh harnaſt *Feare*
Afraide the claſhing of his armes to heare,
That apprehenſion he from hence did gaine,
Our *Mounſter* did, what *Spencer* did but faine.
But ſtay, I haue forgot to let you know
His education, and to ſhew you how
(Being nuſled vp in Letters) he in ſport
His time wore out at *Schole* and *Innes* of *Court*,
Yet ſo as once a *Gipſie*, who did looke
Vpon his Palme, ſaid, he ſhould liue by's booke;
Which fortune ſome conceiue hath doubtfull ſcope,
As if his booke ſhould ſaue him from the rope,
But ſince he prooues, it ment another thing,
That teaching Tongues, he ſhould liue like a King,
And ſo he now doth, liuing as he luſt,
And by his owne will meaſuring what is iuſt.
For being ſet to Schole when he was young,
He of all knowledge learn'd both taile and tongue.
Th' *Italian*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh*, and the *French*,
He grew as cunning in, as at a *Wench*.
A *Dictionary* of all words of Art,
And *Lullies* old-ends, he hath got by heart.
Th' apparell of all knowledge he doth weare,
And 'bout him (*Biae*-like) his wealth doth beare.

And

And now (growne ripe) he doth religion choose
That's most in fashion, as our great ones vse:
But otherwise for truth hee'le neuer burne,
Th' aduantage of his wry-necke helpes him turne,
He knowes the way, and wills the world ne're doubt,
That comming raw in, hee'le go rosted out.
In youth he tooke to Wife a lowely *Dame*,
Not light the chast *Penelope* by name,
But worthy such an attribute, for shee
Her wandring loose *Vlysses* did not see
In twenty yeeres, and yet tis thought her bed
She kept vnstain'd, and vn-ad-horn'd his head.
But what a blessing was, he thought a curse,
His wife had better beene, had shee been worse,
Her goodnesse made him hate her; she had dide
But that a dozen must be kil'd beside.
He knew not then (as I haue heard him say)
Th' Italian tricke, but the plaine English way,
Of simple Country poysoning, now he knowes
To do't by inches; Court perfection growes.
Lepus and *Squire*, are not so skill'd as hee,
Nor scarce *Romes Conclaue* in that mysterie.
He can a nullitie worke, diuorce the life
Twixt soule and body, sooner then some wife.
And if his tricke be knowne, men ne're will seeke
A doubtfull way by law, but do the like.
His wife thus scap'd a scouring, so did he
When, being merry once in company
And passing Smithfield (then vnpau'd) too late
With rich Canary hauing lynde his pate,
The owle-eyd *Sharkers* spied him, how he felt
To finde a post; his meaning soone they smelt;

And then the ſturdieſt knaue, with ſodaine ruſh,
Our wauering *Monſier* on his knees did puſh,
The whil'ſt an other kindly to him ſpoke,
Help't him out of the durt, and chang'd his cloake.
This cloake he wore next day, and paſſing by
A Brokers ſhop, the prentice loude gan cry
Sirs ſtop the theefe, the cloake this fellow weares
Is mine: with that they ſwarm'd about his eares,
Conuaide him to a Iuſtice, where one ſwore
He had been branded *ſtigmatick* before.
Another ſaid, he was the man that hung
Three daies beyond Seas, as the ballad ſung;
The cauſe why he his necke awry, did hold,
Was for he hang'd long, and was ta'ne downe cold.
But to the Iuſtice being throughly knowne,
For carrying letters where't muſt not be ſhowne,
And for his skil, each moderne language ſpeaking,
And wondrous Art, to ſilence dores from ſqueaking,
With loſſe of his good *cloke*, he ſlipt the hooke,
And thus he once was ſaued by his booke.

Thus farre I ſtretch my lines, thus farre he liues.
And more I'le write, when he direction giues.
But if I die, theſe lines ſhall be the glaſſe
His worth to ſhew, and how I thankfull was.

To

To the ouer-wiſe, ouer-wilfull, ouer-curious, or ouer-captious Readers.

Faine would tell ſome Tales, but I'de be loth,
To haue men be ſo wiſe to thinke them troth.
This is a wondrous witty age that ſees
Beyond the truth of things, forty degrees.
Each Riddle now hath poyſon in't; each Rime
On the blanck Almanack, points at guilty time.
Æſope muſt make no Lyons rore, nor Eagles
Shrike loude, nor Wolues rauin, nor ſwift Beagles
Telpe with their ſlauering lips after the Foxe;
Nor muſt he meddle with the Aſſe, or Oxe,
For feare ſome querke be found, to proue he ment
Vnder thoſe ſhapes; a priuate ſpleene to vent
Againſt wiſe vigilant Statiſts, who like Ianus,
Looke both waies ſquint, and both waies guard and ſaue vs.
Or that he cloſely would great Lawyers yerke,
Who build their neaſts, with ruines of the kirke:
Or that he touch't ſome Church-man, who to riſe
One Steeples height, would tell Canonicall lies.
The Ghoſt of Virgils *Gnat would now ſting ſo,*
That great men durſt not in the City go
For feare of petty-Chapmen, with a Seriеant,
And a ſlie Yeoman, noted in the Margeant.
If Spencer *now were liuing, to report*
His Mother Hubberts *tale, there would be ſport:*

To see him in a blanket tost, and mounted
Vp to the starres, and yet no starre accounted.
I dare not for my life in all my tale,
Vse any English Bird, Beast, Worme, or Snaile,
Or Fish that in the narrow Seas do trauell,
(Although each Pyrat dares) lest some should cauell,
And finde it did belong in times of yore
To some blew sleeue, (but shall do so no more.)
Or that the Maker of new blood, the Marrold,
(Cleped in our Welch-Scotch and English Harrold)
Had (too too cheape) for fiue pounds it entailed
On some bold Brittaine, and by warrant nailed,
To him and to his house, with double voucher,
Fine, and recouery; and then who dare touch her?
Not I, I loue my ease too well, my mony,
My eares, my liberty; he longs for hony,
That mongst the angry Waspes thrusts his bold fingers,
And from their neasts in Summer, hunts those stingers.
My valour is lesse hardy, my desire
Lesse hot. Ile blesse and blow, not kisse the fire.
Therefore auaunt all catholike Locusts, come
Into my tale not hing on this side Rome,
Nor in Virginia, though't be ours by lot,
And yet perhaps it may, perchaunc't may not.
I would not, if it lay in me to chuse,
Meddle with any thing we Christians vse:
But would all dealing with our owne eschew,
If other world, and elements I knew.
But since that Nature doth some gifts disperse
Alike to all within the Vniuerse;
And in a circular globe, tye those to these;
Mixt vs in common with th' Antipodes:

I cannot choose but do as nature doth,
Mixe many names and things well knowne to both,
Thus if by chance I vse Bird, Fish, or Beast,
Which is no daintie at a Mayors feast:
But oft familiar fooles for euery Swaine,
That in our Country, Coast, and Woods remaine.
Yet still conceiue (I pray) those names I take
Not properly, but for your ignorance sake.
Or if they proper be, of all one kinde,
Yet difference in their place of birth we finde,
And in their natures. For though man be man,
Yet sure an Indian is no Englishman.
And so an Indian Asse, or Daw, or Trout,
Though we haue such, are none of ours no doubt:
But would be wonders here, and purses picke,
Since none but trauellers euer saw the like.
Excuse me then though with such names you meete:
They are not those that trauell in our streete,
But forreiners to vs and to our Nation,
Except by trade, commerce, or transplantation
Made our acquaintance. Hence then subtile flies
Stretch not my tales to iustifie your lies.
If ought beside the morall you inuent,
Call it your owne, by me 'twas neuer ment.
My tale shall sort all Atheists well, and bee
Of their religion, heathenish and free.
It shall make lust a Gospell and a Law,
(Not for the truth) but to keepe fooles in awe,
That when or Gospell or else Law doth thwart
Our willes, we then may neither reck a f——.
Come Ibis, Leade the way; eate one snake more
And be my fury; usher on before.

1. *IBIS.*

Dedicated to the religious Knight Sir EDMVND MONDEFORD, and his *Lady* a true louer of *LEARNING.*

KNowledge and Grace, are antidotes to you,
Who killing Serpents, do not Serpents grow.

Plin. lib. 8. Vespæ fiunt ex corperibus equorũ mortuorum: apes ranarũ mortuarum: ranæ verò & angues ex putrefactione aquæ. Comment. in lib. 12. Arist. Metaphy.

EGYPT oppreſt with Serpents, either growing
From ſlimie *NILVS* fruitfull ouer-flowing,
Or from the enuious bankes of *Tyber* ſent
To tell what farther harme the *Romans* ment:
Or by the foggy Southerne windes brought o're
From ſandy *Lybia* to this fertile ſhore:
Made *Ibis* Keeper of their liues and ſtates,
Who like a watchfull Porter, kept the gates
Where this infected Crue did vſe to enter:
And (as they came in poyſoned troopes) did venter
Mauger their ſting, and teeth, and venome too,
To ſwallow th'enuious Aſpes with ſmall adoe.

Ibis Serpentibus eſt inimica. noſtro enim eos percutit, interficit & deuorat. Arist.

So

So long she fed, that Egypt now seem'd free;
And scarce a Serpent in the land could see.
" But ouer feeding hurts, as some men say,
" Though food be good: then surfet soone we may
" By poisoned bits. And *Ibis* found it true.
So that her glutted gorge shee's forc't to spue; Diodorus Siculus, lib. 3.
The noisome stinke whereof infecteth more
Then by those Serpents had been slung before.
And *Ibis* selfe (corrupted with the food)
Grew Serpentine, and did more harme then good.
Shee keepes no entrance now, but lets them passe,
And of their faction, and their treason, was
A cunning aider, and a close contriuer.
Al-gate Shee seem'd a diligent, faithfull, diuer
Into their darker holes to search them out:
But truth it was to put them out of doubt,
That Shee their friend, they need not feare a foe,
But might at pleasure through the kingdome go,
Whilst all neglected their increase, supposing,
Ibis their trustie warden, had beene closing
The lands strong Ports, with skill to keepe these in,
And others out, till all had eaten bin.
But she had other aimes, and vnderhand,
Plac'd *Cockatrices* all about the land:
And such as these (who kin to serpents were)
Did she make Captaines, and to place prefer
Of chiefe command in warre: with hope to bring,
The Basiliske to be th'Egyptian king; Plin. lib. 8. cap. 22. Cacobiopa aliàs. Cacothepha
The Basiliske that at the head of Nile,
With deadly poyson doth the spring defile.
Thus *Ibis* faild them, and betraide their trust,
And now or die themselues, or kill they must.

And scarce was't in their choice. Such quick increase
" Hath bad things more than good in time of peace.
Yet th'Egyptians from secure sleepe,
Of foolish pitty, and remisnesse deepe,
Of fond credulity, and easie faith,
At last awak'd, what euer *Ibis* saith,
Suspects of fraud, of double-meaning, doubt,
And with quicke search do finde the treason out.
Which *Ibis* seeing to be past preuention,
Past skill to cloke and couer with inuention:
With malice, enuie, feare, and horror swelling,
And other poyson in her bosome dwelling,
Shee bursts asunder, and preuents the paine
Her crime deseru'd, but not the shame and staine,
That the Egyptians left for after times,
To read and wonder at in these few rimes.
" Whom Nature made good, Custome made vniust;
We trusted *Ibis*, but she fail'd our trust.
Let Reason rule, and Reason thus exhorts,
" Make not your will warden of your Cinque Ports.

Epimythium.

Plut. in vita Alex. mag.

PLutarch in the life of *Alexander* the Great, writes of a Woman brought to a Serpentine and poysonous nature, by feeding ordinarily on Serpents. This hath some resemblance with this tale, whose Morall is, that man should carefully guard himselfe from others, and from himselfe: From others, because though we come neere sin, with a purpose to punish it; yet being full of contagion, the effect is hazardous:

dous: much more when wee conuerſe with it daily; as they witneſſe, who keeping company with prophane, diſſolute, and blaſphemous perſons, do often come out ſuch themſelues, ſeldome otherwiſe. Beware therefore of euill company, and euill cuſtome. To walke in the counſell of the wicked, leades you to ſtand in the way of ſinners, and cauſeth you to ſit in the ſeate of ſcorners. Pſalm. 1. To conuerſe with Heretickes vnder whatſoeuer pretence is dangerous. Thus therefore guard your ſelfe from outward inuaſion, from others; but keepe one eye to looke inward. The worſt company is at home, within a mans ſelfe. His ſenſes ſtirred vp to pleaſure, are ſo many Serpents in his boſome, ſeeking his deſtruction: neither will they eaſily be charmed. The ſting of ſinne is ſweete, but deadly. Set your vnſanctified appetite and will to gouerne theſe, and you are vndone. The fleſh will let in the world and the diuell, in ſtead of God and Heauen. But let your ſanctified Reaſon be your gouernour, and you are ſafe at home and abroad. *Mortifie therefore your members which are on the earth; fornication, vncleannes, the inordinate affection, euill concupiſcence, and couetouſneſſe, which is Idolatry, &c.* P. Coloſſ. c. 3. v. 5. The place of greateſt danger where your foe may land and enter, is the Cinque-ports, the fiue ſenſes: watch therefore ouer theſe, and ouer your affections, and you are ſafe.

2. *Venaticum Ster.*

Dedicated to the example of *Temperance*, Sir *Henery Bedingfeild* Knight, and to his Lady the example of Loue.

YOu hunting loue, your fields are spred with sheepe,
Looke that your hounds, your foulds from foxes keepe.
Foxes and Wolues in sheepskins range about,
Within opinions, Parasites without.

EH' Egyptian Shepheards arm'd at all allaies
With Dogs and Sheephookes, sat vpon the Laies,
At pleasure piping many a learned sonnet
Of fixed starres, and each course-keeping planet;
Of thunder, lightning, meteors, and the cause
Of changing kingdomes, and translating lawes:
Why pestilence did rage, why good men die,
Why *Nilus* ouerflowes the bankes so hie,
Why killing frosts, and such aboundant snow,
That ruine falling, ruine as they thaw:
Why th' earth should barren be, and famine breed
In the fat soile, though sowne with better seede.

Why

Why water, ayre, the earth, and cheerefull fire
Should (being made for man) gainſt man conſpire,
And of themſelues (by nature neuer bidden)
Bring forth ſuch croſſe effects, vnheard and hidden,
To plague poore man, and liuing him t'intombe
In his owne ruines, ere the day of doome.
The cauſe of this, they wiſely found to be
Mans open ſins, and cloſe Hypocriſie.
And of this Theame diſcourſing too and fro,
Prouing it was, wiſhing it were not ſo,
The King came by, and with him many Nobles,
Whoſe peltred traine the ſheep & ſhepheard troubles.
Poore Country, thou find'ſt this in corne and cattell,
When moſt remote fró Court, thou moſt doſt battell.
The King a hunting rides; the ſhepheards dogs
Would needs a hunting too, and onward iogs
Theſe iolly Currs: the Shepheards whoope amaine,
Hollow and whiſtle too, but all in vaine.
The Hunts-men rate, and like to mad men ride;
The Currs ſuppoſe they cheere thē when they chide:
So on they go, and do as others doo,
Throw vp their curld tailes, ſpend their weſands too,
And when they cannot top the reſt, run after
So long, till anger now is turn'd to laſter;
And now the King delights the Currs to heare,
For they are euer buſie in his eare;
And comming home to trencher-food they fall,
Prouing good blood-hounds ſome, good harriers all.
They can draw dry-foot to the harmles game,
Whil'ſt Wolues and Foxes paſſe their noſes tame.
Thus fed by fat ſweet bones, they all proue gluttons,
And where they wont to guard, now kill our mutt ós.

They

They learned haue Court lore, and nothing failes;
Can fawne, and flatter, nimbly wag their tailes;
And snarle, and bite, and beat the better hound
Out of the Court, who their false hunting found.
And now the time drawes on, the King againe
Rides out to hunt, and with him all his traine.
These dogs are fore-most, and pursue the chace
With eager stomacks, and with equall pace.
But being trencher-fed, the weather hot,
Themselu's vnbreath'd, to hunting vsed not,
They soone are shaken off, and waxing slacke
Become the lag and hindmost of the packe;
And straight lose sight, sent, hearing of the rest.
So then to *Nilus*-ward they hold it best
To turne their course, with her coole waues to slake
The heat they got, for double diligence sake.
The roughest, rudest, curstest Curr of all,
Which wont vpon the gentlest Dogs to fall,
(And neither being Hound nor Mastiffe bred,
Lycisca. But of a mongrill kinde, by shee-Wolues fed,
Did silence such as spent their sweeter voice
In tunefull tones, which Hunters eares reioice,
Whil'st he nor at the fold, would watch in darke,
Nor bite the Wolfe, nor with his harsh voice barke,
Nor here amongst the Hounds once open wide
His monstrous chaps, except, to bite, or chide,
Or rauin and deuoure the daintiest meat
Which the industrious, not the slug should eat,
And in despite of whips, though crouch and cry,
Would neuer mend, nor better grow thereby)
Led on the way, for he would still be first,
His impudence was such, and such his thirst.

Nor

Nor would he ſuffer any there to drinke
Till he had done. Ambitions eye doth thinke
"To ſwallow all, and all too little too,
"For him that leaſt deſerues, and leaſt can do.
But ſee a iuſt reward, whil'ſt thus he lies
Tending his pleaſure, from the waues doth riſe
A cruell ſubtle Crocodile, who ſnatcheth
At him with her ſharpe fangs, and quickly catcheth
The lazie Curr; which ſtruggles, cries, and ſtriues,
But all too late. Th'amphibious monſter diues
Vnder the waues; the Dog reſiſts in vaine,
Death ſwallowes him, The reſt run home amaine.
Home to the Sheepfolds, and attend the trade
They were by arte traind to, by nature made.
And fearing now the like, fore-warn'd by this,
When hot and dry they waxe, their cuſtome is,
At banks of *Nile* neuer to reſt and ſtay,
But here and there to lap, and ſo away;
Leſt otherwiſe ſome Crocodile being hid,
Should ſerue their ſloth, like as the other did.

Aelianus l. 2. Præterierunt autem ripam, & ſuſpiranees bibunt, quandò eſt capere, iterum atq; iterum.

Epimythium.

THis tale doth teach, each Man himſelfe t'apply
To his Vocation; not to looke awry
At Honors, Riches, Pleaſures, which are baites
The deuill layes in our way, and in them waites
To ſwallow vs, whileſt eagerly we ſeeke
To ſwallow and ingroſſe whatſ'ere we like:
Without reſpect what's honeſt, iuſt, and fit,
So we by any meanes can compaſſe it.

Each

Each hath his element, his toyle, and ſport,
The clowne the country, and the King his Court.
The Nobles in the Councell or the field,
The Sea, and Burſe, doth like to Merchants yeeld.
Each trades-man in his ſhop, houſe-wiues at home;
" They range too far, that o're the threſhold rome.
Lawyers vpon the bench, Diuines within
Their ſtudies, ſchooles, or pulpits; elſe they ſinne.
Who takes the plow in hand, muſt neuer ſlacke,
" Nor looke about, for then he looketh backe.
Who takes the Crowne and Scepter, ſtill muſt thinke
" When others ſoundly ſleep, he muſt but winke.
Who goes to warre, or counſell muſt aduiſe,
" The ſhame or honor on the Nobleſt lies.
Who guides the Helme muſt ſtill his compas minde,
" And cheere his mates, and ſaile with euery winde.
Who by Mechanicke Arts does hope to thriue,
" Muſt be a Bee, and make his ſhop his Hiue.
" Who ſits to iudge, the *Perſon* muſt neglect,
" Not looke aſquint, but to the truth direct.
" Who will *Epiſcopize*, muſt watch, faſt, pray,
" And ſee to worke, not ouerſee to play.
They haue a double charge, to rule, and teach,
" Whil'ſt they neglect to preach, neglect they preach.
Each muſt his Dioceſſe tend; or if at Court,
What others dare not he muſt ſtill report.
Yet nought but truth, nor all truths but the good:
Pſal. 106. 13. (So *Moſes* in the gap of vengance ſtood)
What others dare not whiſper he muſt ſing,
And like a golden trumpet rouze the King,
With wiſe alarums from ſecurer ſleep,
Wherein fraile flattring fleſh doth greatnes keep.

For

For greatneſſe, both in ſtate, wit, ſtrength, and all
That we call great on earth, is apt to fall
With greateſt danger, greateſt violence,
Vnleſſe vpheld by greateſt diligence.
And he is only worthy to be great,
Who with a vertuous freedom holds the ſeat
Of *Moſes*, and inclines to neither hand,
But both vpright only for truth doth ſtand.
Such tend their flocks, whilſt they attend the Court,
Their paſtime 'tis to moderate each ſport.
They ſeaſon all raw humors. Seldom glance
On honours or on pleaſures, but by chance;
And then to recreate their ſpirits they do it,
Taking a ſnatch, and fall the harder to it.

GRYPS

GRYPS.

DEDICATED

TO THE COVRTLY
AND ACCOMPLISHT
Knight, Sr HENRY RICHE,
and his most equall
LADY.

ALL Men seeke greatnes: goodnes is the way.
Hee's oft lesse King that rules, then doth obay.
Adde to Gods worke your owne, his image then
Shall be rrpayr'de, for that's the crowne of Men.

Gryps animal pennatum & quadrupes. Hæ bellue dicuntur esse in Scythia, & cum Arimaspis qui vnicum habent oculũ, aurũ causſa quod custodiunt, assidue bellum gerere. Plin. lib 10.

THE Griffon (well allied, and great in power)
Made challenge to be generall Emperour
Of beasts and birds; whose title to decide,
A generall Councell was proclaimed wide
Through all the world, and euery bird and beast
Together met, the greatest, and the least.
Mongst these some crawling serpents, some with feet,
And some with wings did at this Councell meet,
And claim'd the place of beasts, and did alledge
Full many ancient lawes of priuiledge

For

For their high honour; but the chiefe was this;
They proou'd themselues beasts, out of *Genesis*.
But when that Law was read, and it was found,
Their treason brought a curse vpon the ground;
That euer since their poyson did annoy
Both birds and beasts, and oft did both destroy;
Cloking their fraud, guilding their villanie
With ancient-vniuersall-vnitie;
Betraying truth with darke ambiguous lies,
And cosening man of blessed *Paradise*:
Adulterating, purging of the sence
Of holy Writ, vnder a good pretence:
They had by generall voice, strict banishment
From comming nere this Court of Parliament.
And now the rest proceed; but by the way
Arose another cause of some delay:
Comming to choose a Speaker, bolde *Iack-daw*
Would interpose his skill, and vouch a Law,
(The law of Parasites) that each one might
Speake what him list, gainst reason or gainst right.
And that no Speaker needed, ought to be,
Where such a mixture was; for it quoth he,
We choose a bird, the beasts will all dissent;
If they a beast, we shall be discontent.
This speech, though true in part, did all offend,
Because they saw his busie tongue did bend
To crosse all businesse, and his wit deuise
To change the firmest knots to nullities.
So they agreed together in this sort,
To cut his nimble tongue a little short.
For sawcie tatling, where he should not teach,
And being silent, where he ought to preach.

Gen. 3.1. Serpens enim erat astutus, astutior quauisbestia agri.

Good matters may be propounded with an ill minde.

But he auoides this ſentence with a quirke,
Pleading of old he longed to the Kirke,
Though ſeldom he came there; and each one tooke
Him for no Clarke, vntill he claim'd his booke.
Then they perceiu'd his skill; and ſoone diſcerned
How he to flatter and backbite was learned;
Could mount a ſteeples top, and with the winde
Turne like a weather-cocke his ready minde,
Seruing the time. Therefore they onward paſſe
To chooſe a Speaker; ſome would haue the Aſſe,
Becauſe he could diminiſh nought nor adde,
But truth deliuer, were it good or bad:
Yet moſt miſlik'd that choice, and thoſe pronounce
The Parrot fit, and ſome the nimble Ounce;
Some the ſweet Nightingale, and ſome the Dog,
And ſome the Fox, the Baboone, ſome the Hog;
Some Robin red-breſt, or the ſpeckled Thruſh,
Some Chantecleere, and ſome the Woodcock fluſh.
Some choſe the Ape, aud ſome miſlike his voice,
So ſundry factions riſe from this hard choice.
At laſt the Elephant perſwades with all,
To take an equall courſe, and Man to call
As Speaker, Iudge, and Vmpeir in this thing,
Being by nature the worlds generall King.
And he moſt fit t'appoint and to depute
His owne Emperiall bird-beaſt ſubſtitute.
To this they all conſent, and to this end
In humble wiſe to Man this Meſſage ſend,
That he their Patron, Gouernour and Lord,
Would daigne this mighty difference to accord
With reaſon and authoritie. His conſent
Is ſoone obtain'd: now gins the Parliament.

In

In which the *Griffon* thus begins his his plea.
Grand Emperour, of Ayre, Earth, and Sea;
I challenge by prerogatiue, and birth,
To be your Vicar generall on the Earth,
O're birds and beasts: The beasts I ought command,
Becauſe vpon foure feet like them I ſtand.
The birds I ought to rule, cauſe I can flie
With theſe my wings like them, and ſoare as hie.
I doe ſurpaſſe the beasts in hauing wings,
The birds in legs, in taile, and other things:
My force doth match the Lyons, and my heart
The Eagle, or excels them in each part.
Your doome I therefore claime, that I may be
Plac'd equall to my worth in ſoueraigntie:
And next your ſelfe the Emperour be of Earth,
According to the priuiledge of my birth.
Then ſpake the Elephant, and ſaid, that he
Ought ouer beasts the only Lord to be:
His ſtrength was great, and more then others farre,
His honours more purchaſde in manly warre:
His learning more, the letters vnderſtanding,
And aptly doing all, wiſe Man commanding.
Gainſt him vp roſe the *Syre* of *Bankes* his horſe,
And challeng'd him to try, wit, worth, and force.
This grew to heate, but then the mighty Rucke
Soone parts the fray, each did from other plucke;
Deſires ſhe might be heard, her challenge was
To rule all birds, ſince ſhe all birds did paſſe.
The Wren ſtraight hopt about, and ſaid, his dame
Did ſhew from what a royall ſtocke he came.
And euery bird and beaſt, the great and ſmall,
Had his ambitious ayme to gouerne all.

Gryps quadrupes.

Gryps inter volitalia recitatur. *Deut.* 14.

Elephas eſt animal quod magnitudine inter oſa animalia quadrupedia excellit: Intellectu & memoria multum vigens. Plin. Solin.

Regulus, or Regaliol⁹.

Which hauing made, in silence all sate downe
Being ouer-aw'd with mans Emperiall frowne.
Each feared, each hoped, vntill at length the Male
Rose vp, and to determine thus began.
I was your Maister made, you made for me;
And whatsoeuer in the Globe there be
Hid or reuealed, 'tis mine. And I alone
Sole Emperour am, vnder that only *Ome*.
Nor doubt you this; the question now in hand
Is for the vnder-king-ship of my land;
For 'tis not fit that I should troubled be
With euery toy, when subiects disagree:
But that my President should still be nigh,
Your doubts and iarres t'appease and rectifie.
It only rests to shew what parts are fit
For gouernment. That's courage, strength and wit,
Mercy and iustice, and the guard to those,
Awe to command, dexteritie to dispose.
If any part of these be separate,
The rule is most imperfect, and the State
Falls to contempt; the lawes are trodden downe,
The Scepter broken, and despis'd the Crowne.
This shewes how many here haue vainly sought
For one good part, the wreath that many ought.
That nor the Rock, the Elephant nor Horse,
Are fit to gouerne for their matchles force;
Nor for their wit alone; for then the oxe
Might make his claime too, and the subtle foxe.
Much lesse the silly Wren for honord house,
Nor the eart-fearing, Elephant-frighting Mouse.
For these would breed contempt, and Athens Owle
Might challenge so night-rule of euery Fowle.

No

Nor is it meet this Griffon ſhould obtaine
What by preteence of right he ſeeks to gaine.
Becauſe his title halts on either ſide,
Except in halues, himſelfe he will deuide.
He is no beaſt: his talents, wings, and head
Conclude againſt his challenge in my ſtead.
Nor yet a bird: his body, legs, and tayle
With euidence his arguments do quaile.
But if where proofe lyes hid, we may proceed
By probabilities; from ſpurious ſeed
He tooke his being, and would neither loue,
Being like to neither, but a Tyrant proue.
And where he boaſts his wondrous ſtrength and hart,
It's falſe he doth prerend, becauſe that part
Which ſhewes him Lyon-like in ſhape, hide, haire,
Doth of the kingly-Lyon ſtand in feare.
And that birds part which he from th'Eagle tooke,
On the ſky-towring Eagle dares not looke.
The Lyon therefore I ordaine and make
The King of beaſts; his awfull voice ſhall ſhake
The proudeſt ſpirit. And the Eagle ſhall
Be King of Birds, and ouer-looke them all.
This ſentence paſt, the Parlament aroſe,
And with theſe rules of truth the Seſſions cloſe.

Gryphus, Capite & alis Aquilæ ſimilis, reliquo corpore ſimilis Leoni. Iſid. l. 12.

Aquila mas.

Epimythium.

Who ſeeks two ſwords to ſway, hath right to none;
Who ſeeks two offices, is not fit for one:
Who ſeeks two callings, takes too much in hand:
Who hath two faiths, doth true to neither ſtand.
One ſword, one office, calling, and one faith,
Is fit for one Man; ſo this ſtorie ſaith.

Vnũ opus optimè fit ab vno. Ariſt. l. 2. Politic.

Who ſeekes two ſwords to ſway, hath right to none.

The *Pope* challengeth not only *Peters* keyes and *Pauls* ſword, but hath found two ſwords in *Peters* hand, with which he (like an other *Alexander*) cuts aſunder the knots hee cannot vndoe. The band of mariage betwixt man and woman: The band of loyall obedience betwixt ſubiects and Soueraignes; The band of conſcience betwixt God and man; he cuts aſunder by diſpenſing with mariages, alleagance, and othes, &c. By his behauiour therefore in theſe things, it may be iudged whether he be fit to haue many ſwords that cannot vſe one well. Edged tooles are not to be put into the hands of drunkards: He is ſcarce ſober that makes all other drunke with the cup of his abhominations.

Q. Cur.

Who ſeekes two offices, is not fit for one

To the late Queene of famous memorie, a *Courtier* who had great place about her Maieſtie, made ſuite for an office belonging to the Law. She told him he was vnfit for the place. He confeſt as much, but promiſed to finde out a ſufficient Deputie. Do (ſaith ſhe) and then I may beſtow it vpon one of my Ladies, for they by deputation may execute the office of Chancellor, chiefe Iuſtice, and others, as well as you. This anſwered him, and I would it could anſwer all others that fit men might be placed in euery office, and none how great ſoeuer ſuffered to keep two. They ſhould

take offices for the Common-wealths benefit; but they take them like Farmes for to inrich themselues. This discourageth all professions, both in the Church and Common-wealth: one place is fit for one man.

Who seekes two Callings, takes too much in hand.

The Church hath some of these, who are better Phisitions, Lawyers, Marchants, or Handicrafts-men, then Diuines. The Common-wealth hath many of these, some who receiue tythes, buy and sell Church-liuings, retaine Deaneryes, and Prebendaries, and are well seene in all occupations, but in that which they were bound to professe. To be a Marchant, a Maulster, a Brewer, a Grasier, a Sheepe master, a Farmemonger, an Vsurer, a Deuill and all, is ordinarie in euery Country, and he is thought no good husband that is not all or the most of these.

Who hath two faiths, doth true to neither stand.

One miraculous example in these our dayes, hath demonstrated this beyond deniall, which but lately though wee knew yet wee durst not vtter for feare of censure. With what Tyrannie doth vice guard it self from knowledge? How rankly doth that Fame stink now, against which but lately we durst not stop our noses. This is a maxime grounded from this example. No honour, preferment, or respect can assure our faith, if the band of faith, religion, be not intire with vs.

4. SPHINX, HYENA.

DEDICATED
To the wise and valiant Souldier,
Sr IOHN POOLY Knight,
and to his good LADY.

YOu loued my Brother, he is gone, I stay,
I acknowledge first a debt, and then to pay.
Loue lookes vpon the will, which easily can
Proue ther's no bankrupt but the thankles Man.

Hyena crudelis est bestia similis lupo, &c. Circuit domos per noctem & humana prout potest fingit voce. Isido. Alteriusque nomen adducit, quem euocatu fotas lacerat. Isid.

HYena was a subtle beast and bloudy;
To ruine man was his whole trade and study.
He scorn'd the sheep, the shepheard was his pray,
His nightly plots, got what he mist by day.
The shepheards of *Arcadia*, beguil'd
By his fain'd voice, were murther'd oft and spoil'd.
For in the night he wont like some good frend,
To call them out, and then apeeces rend.
One onely wiser shepheard thought it best
Hire *Sphinx* to watch his house whil'st he did rest:

Whos

Whose subtilnie foreſaw, and ſtill preuented,
What elſe his Mother had too late repented.
For when the falſe *Hyena* went about
Calling for helpe, to traine the Shepheard out,
Faining diſtreſſe as if he robbed were,
Or miſſe his way (a weary trauellers)
Sphinx ſoone perceiu'd his counterfeit complaining,
And laught outright to heare his crafty fayning;
But would not let the credulous Shepheard goe,
(Whoſe tender heart pitied his mortall foe)
Till day appear'd, and that the Sunne ſhone bright.

Together with the *Sphinx* full many a night,
An Indian *Aſſe* and *Muſk-cat*, ſafely ſlept,
Whil'ſt *Sphinx* the ſhepheards houſe & houſhold kept.
Nor did they alwaies ſleep but often heard
What at the firſt to thinke vpon they fear'd;
But cuſtome at the length bereft all awe,
And they fear'd nothing, when they nothing ſaw.
So Enuie wrought, and Ignorance, and Pride,
That they the wiſer *Sphinx* dare now deride.
And mou'd the Shepheard, to preuent the charge
Of keeping more, to let the *Sphinx* at large.
Perſwading there was no ſuch cauſe of dread,
But they might well ſupply the *Sphinx* his ſtead:
Who fain'd thoſe feares, and did imagine treaſon,
To winne th'opinion of much wit and reaſon.
The Shepheard fondly credits this; and ſtraight
Lets looſe the *Sphinx*, and theſe in order waite.
The *Indian Aſſe* he truſted being plaine,
Suppoſing he would neither lye, nor faine.
And the *Muſk-cat*, was pleaſant to the ſmell,
And very watchfull; needs muſt theſe do well.

The night is come, the Shepheard soundly sleeps
As he had wont, no skar his conscience keeps.
These two stand Sentinel, and now ere long,
Comes the *Hyena*, and with smoothing tongue
Saith; Is your Master waking, gentle swaines?
If not, arere him; tell him all the Plaines
Are up in armes against our common foe,
The false *Hyena* that beguil'd vs so.
He cannot scape their hands, for they haue found
The Caue he keeps in, closely vnder ground.
Bid him awake and rise and come away,
For all the Shepheards for his comming stay.
This tale beleeu'd, the *Asse* and *Munk-cat* hye,
To make their Master to make haste to dye.
He riseth rashly, opes the dore, goes out,
And is deuour'd ere he can looke about.
Nor can the watch-men scape, but both are slaine:
Though one be sweet, the other true and plaine.

Epimythium.

"Not simple truth alone can make vs fit,
"To beare great place in state without great wit.
"For when the Serpent comes to circumuent vs,
"We must be Serpents too, or els repent vs.

HIPPOPOTAMVS.

DEDICATED TO the magnificent Knight SIR HVGH SMITH, and his worthy LADY.

YOur Auon's quiet, no such Monsters feede
'Bout sandy Seuerne, as in Nilus breede:
Yet Nilus-*like your bountie ouerflowes,*
Whence good report, and fame, and honor growes.

THe *Sea-horse*, and the famous *Crocodile*,
Both challeng'd to be Kings of fruitfull *Nile*.
And sundry fields they fought, where many died
Of either faction, still the cause vntried.
Yet often had they single, hand to hand,
Encountred in the flood, and on the land:
And parted still with equall harme away,
For both the blowes bore thence, but not the day;

Hippopotamus in Nilo editur, Crocodilo inimicus, Plin. lib. 8. ca. 25. Crocodilus animal quadrupes in terra & in aquis valens.

Yet

Yet each in word bee kinde of frend to call,
And so they were, but to themselues, to all.
But when they cop'd, successe did thus conclude;
Courage remain'd, strength only was subdu'de.
And so for want of strength they often sundred,
Though at their wondrous strength all other wondred.
Thus oft they met, and oft assaied in vaine,
Who should th'emperiall crowne of *Nilus* gaine:
Till both grew weary in those warres at length,
And gan lay by the vse of armes and strength.
And truce proclaim'd a while on either part,
A fained truce, no friendship from the heart.
For vnder-hand by stratagems, and friends,
And secret plots, each sought their seuerall ends.
But much more noble was the *Crocodile*,
And wiser much, though not so full of guile
As *Hippopotamus*, to th'other light,
Who car'd not what he did, or wrong or right,
By falshood, bribes, or treason, so he could,
The foulest fact, to his aduantage mould.
And thus he call'd *Chameleon* on a day,
With *Polypus*, and vnto them gan say:
You two my bosome friends, my Minions are,
My priuie Counsellers in peace and warre,
And I haue found ye plyant to my will,
Faithfull to me, but false to others still.
And now I craue, your vtmost art and reason;
In conquering of the *Crocodile* by treason;
Which thus I purpose: Both of you are made,
By nature apt to colour and to shade,
With fit resemblance all the obiects nie,
On which you shall reflect a steady eye,

Seruo communem fas est verum dicere, quod tibi ro fuerit incommodum Euri.

Chameleon mutat suum colorem inflatus. Arist. Hist. Animal lib 11. c. 11.

You

You can seeme otherwise, then what you be,
And couer hate with close hypocrisie.
You can take any shape, any disguise,
And soone beguile the most inquisitiue eyes;
Weare any Liuery, all companies fit,
And to each humour change your ready wit.
This you haue done before, and of late plaine
Weightie intelligence, and can so againe.
But each his proper element retaining,
Chameleon in the ayre, and earth remaining.
You *Polypus* at sea. To sea then hie,
And with rich promises *Torpedo* buy
To our close seruice: he in Counsell is
To our great foe, a greater friend of his.
" But wealth is our best friend, and that corrupts
" The purest minde, and friendship interrupts.
With gifts and promises peruert him so,
That he may call vs friend, count him a foe:
Will him he would, when fitting time doth come,
With his slowe touch secure, bewitch, benumme,
Our aduersary, and his sense astonish,
That it may seeme a crime him to admonish
Of our apparent practises preparing,
Whilst he attends his sports, no danger fearing.
Then to the water-rat *Ichneumon* goe,
And you to *Cuscheilus*, and will them twoo,
When next they picke his teeth, and scratch his head, Plin. lib. 8. cap 26.
(For they are neere him still at euery stead,
And highly fauor'd, (chiefly *Cuscheilus*,)
Though both in fee and pension be with vs,)
That they would ioyne their wits and force togither
To murther him; and for reward come hither.

So

So when your plots be closely thus conuey'd,
And all your traines and tew in order laid,
Then mixe your selues in either element
With the profuse- the needy, discontent,
The desperate, the bloody, and the bold,
Whom nought but feare do from rebellion hold;
Of such you shall finde many in this State,
For hee's remisse, and doth all businesse hate,
Whereby he gets contempt, and opens wide
A ready way of entrance vnespied
To our high aimes. Full many you shall finde
Of our close faction, fitting to our minde.
Those that are such encourage, others frame,
And what you will speake largely in our name;
Promise, and sweare, and lye, to make things fit,
That our designes may prosper by your wit.
Away, and for the rest leaue that to me.

The spies instructed thus fit agents be,
And post with speede, and with a speed too good
Disparch all Scenes fit for the Act of blood.
And now the wise, learn'd, valiant *Crocodile*,
A hunting hies vnto the bankes of *Nile*,
Where hauing sported long, and fully fed,
The slowe *Torpedo* strokes him on the head,
Whispers within his eare, and charmes him so
That in the Sun-shine he to rest must go.
But as he goes drowsie and reeling thus,
Meetes him the *Indian Rat*, and *Cuschilus*,
And lowting low with musicke him presents,
And antique shewes, and masking meriments;
Striuing to hide their treason with such Art,
That their true care almost betraid their heart.

This

This wiſe *Alcedo* (one that many a diſh
Had for his King prepar'd, of dantieſt fiſh,)
Did ſoone ſuſpect, and with ſhrill voice gan crie,
Sir King beware, for enemies are nie;
Beware of him that's buſie with your eare,
And tells you lies, that truths you may not heare:
Beware of him that's ſcratching of your head,
Beware of him that's making of your bed.
Beware of him that doth extoll ye ſo,
And like a God adores ye as ye go:
Beware of him that doth ſo humbly fall
On his falſe knee; good King beware of all.
With that the *Crocodile* gan looke about,
Being halfe aſleep, from a ſweet dreame wak'd out,
And would haue heard more, but the charmers kept
The bird away by force; and ſo he ſlept.
He ſlept, and *Cuſchillus* did ſing the while,
And pickt his teeth, and vſed many a wile
To ope his ouer-chap (for only he
Doth moue his ouer-chap, the nether we:)
At laſt he tickled him, and forc't him ſo
To yawne and gape: then *Cuſchillus* doth go
Into his belly, and the *Indian Rat*
Leapes quickly after; where they firſt ſearch what
Cloſe counſels, ſecret purpoſes, did fill
His darker boſome, were they good or ill.
But were they good or ill, it matters not,
For they purſue and proſecute their plot:
They gin to gnaw his bowels, and to rake
His entrailes with their nailes; which paine doth wake
Him from his lateſt ſleepe, and makes him crie
Aloud this counſell: Princes ſee ye trie

Before

Regnum potius ab aſſentatoribus quàm ab hoſtibus euertitur. F. Parr. Sen. Comm. De Inſt. Princ. lib. 5.

Solus inter animalia ſuperiorem mandibulam mouet Crocodilus. Iſid.

Before ye truſt. Thoſe ſeruants that be ill
" At your commaund, for other money will
" Betray you too: he eaſly will diſpence
" With greateſt ſinnes, who hath of ſmall no ſence.
" Beware of ſuch as flatter by traduction,
" Theile firſt be others, then be your deſtruction.
" Beware of priuie whiſperers and ſpies,
" The truth they tell is but a ſauce for lies.
Beware of Ledgers, for legerdemaine
With others beſide Iuglers doth remaine:
" And cheating and croſſe-biting great ones may
" In great things vſe, as Little ones at play.
Beware of Clergie men their colour changing,
And in each place with lawleſſe freedome ranging.
Philip Comincus: lib: 6. cap. 2. Take heede of Penſions, they haue often ſlept
In priuy Chambers, and at Counſell kept.
And if it be a truth which ſome haue told,
Good men haue had large ſleeues to put vp gold.
With that he dies, and thoſe that were within,
Striuing who firſt ſhould greateſt credit win,
By carrying newes of this accurſed deede,
Hinder each other in their haſty ſpeede:
And iſſuing out iuſt as his chaps did cloſe,
Did their reward, life, fame, togither loſe.
" Yet euill report findes wings in euery place;
And this vnto the Sea-horſe flies apace;
Who (making too much haſt) in top of pride,
Nothing before, behinde, nor bout him ſpide;
And ſo, for lacke of care, himſelfe betraide
Into a pit-fall which th'Egyptians laid.
There he doth pine to death, and dying cries,
" Who liues by treaſon, thus by treaſon dies.

Epimythium.

Epimythium.

THe *Crocodile* is a Hieroglyphicke of Honour or Nobilitie.

The *Hippopotame*, of Impiety, Ingratitude, and Baseneſſe.

1. Theſe two haue continuall warre: and in that *Chamelion* and *Polypus* (the types of ſubtile diſſimulation, and craftie hypocriſie,) ioyne with *Hippopotame* againſt the *Crocodile*; it giues honour warning to beware of ſuch who adapt themſelues to pleaſe humors, to ſooth groſſe follies: for theſe though perhaps they ſeeme of their colour, weare their liueries, follow their religion whom they depend vpon, will notwithſtanding for gaine, *Iudas*-like, kiſſe and betray them.

2. In that the time when this was done, is ſaide to be in peace after ſport: it ſhewes that Honor which ſprings from action, decaies with affectation of peace, and ſleepes to death with immoderate pleaſure in the armes or bed of ſecuritie.

3. The touch of *Torpedo* warnes Greatneſſe from ſloth, and to beware of ſuch charming Counſellours as hide the truth of dangers from the eyes of States.

4. *Alcedos* warning the *Crocodile*, tells vs no danger comes without admonition: Wiſedomes cries out in the ſtreetes, it is our owne fault if ſtopping our eares we periſh wilfully.

5. In that *Chuſchillus* ſings the *Crocodile* aſleepe, it tels vs, flatterie is the ruine of Honour; yet the flatterers note is ſweeter, and welcommer to the eare,

then

then the admonition of friendſhip and true loue.

6. In that *Ichneumon* and *Cuſchillus* leape into his belly, it ſhewes Treaſon will purſue the blackeſt project with moſt bloody and bold violence; and will ſtriue to double that ſinne with ſlander and miſreport, which once they contriued, applauded, and perhaps perſwaded Greatneſſe to commit.

7. In that *Hippopotamus* falls into the *Ægyptians* trap, it ſhewes what the Pſalmiſt ſaith, Who digs a pit for another, fals therein himſelfe. Treaſon euer betraies the Traytor, elſe it were not right treaſon.

If any man enquire farther after this tale, let him call to minde the late death of that renowned King of *France*, whoſe life was terrible to *Rome* and her adherents.

He had many admonitions to beware of Ieſuiticall practiſes, but would not take heede, his confidence might rather be tearmed preſumption then courage.

I haue heard a ſtory of him which may be as true as its ſtrange: the probabilitie is great.

Monſeur D. Pleſſis (that glorious ſtarre of our age) being euer bold with the King, becauſe the king knew him honeſt, and durſt truſt him farther then a *Proteſtant Prince* may truſt a *Romiſh Catholike* with ſafety, tould his Maſter that all the world did wonder at the ſodaine repeale of that edict of baniſhment ſo ſolemnly made by the *Parliament* againſt all *Ieſuits*, vpon ſo iuſt an occaſion as the wounding of his ſacred perſon by one of their diſciples. He humbly beſought him to giue him licenſe to put him in minde how once profeſſing the reformed religion, euen in armes, he had been defended from the trecheries of his ene-

mies

mies by that God whose cause hee fought for. But now in the armes of peace, hee was endangered by them who pretend his protection, for that they thought that howsoeuer for some respects he carried himselfe, he could not be in loue with their darknesse who had beene acquainted with the true light: And the Protestants thought so likwise, the rather induced hereunto by Gods miraculous deliuerance of him from the horror of that bloudy attempt, not suffering any part to be punished but his mouth with which he had offended. But hee besought him to remember that the hearts of Kings are in the hands of God aswell as their heads: and if they forsake or forget him and what he hath done for them, he in Iustice often giues them ouer into the hands of their enemies.

I enforce no man to beleiue this Narration; the probability, with the credit of the Relator, and the successe, haue preuailed with me to accept and report it. As his death was the damnable act of a Iesuiticall Assasinat of the Romish religion, so this admonition beares the shape of a true *Isralite* and one of the house of peace.

PHÆNIX.

DEDICATED
To the honorable KNIGHT Sir ROBERT RICHE, and his noble LADY.

There's but one Phœnix, *if there had been more, Your names had stood within, but now before.*

Phœnix vnica dicitur esse auis, & in toto orbe terrarum singularis, Ibid.

THE Arabian *Phœnix*, being noble, young,
And newly from his fathers ashes sprung,
Seeing how other birds did louers take
Of their own kind, would needs like triall make,
And thought by what good course he might preuent
His doubted ruine, and seeme prouident,
Where nature (as he iudg'd) defectiue stood,
In leauing single, such an absolute good.
His meanes was marriage, married he would be,
But where to choose a Make he could not see:

For

For choose he might and please his curious eyne,
Each bird made suite to be his Valentine.
The *Pehen* drest her selfe and spred her taile,
The *Turky-hen* aduanc'd her spotted saile.
The *Turtle* left her mate to ioyne with him,
The *Siluer-Swanne*, in ruffled pride did Swimme,
The *Parakite*, and *Gold-finch*, Citie heires,
Offer'd him loue, and what besides was theirs:
The courtly *Pheasant*, gaudy *Popiniay*,
In varied coloures drest themselues that day:
The sweet *Canary* singer strouet excell
The merry-making mournefull *Philomell*;
Who left deploring, and did mirth preferre:
Wishing the *Phœnix* would haue rauish't her.
All these, with all besides the rest excelling,
Did woo him, proffer loue, their passions telling.
But all in vaine; the bird of *Paradise*,
Had with her pleasing forme bewitcht his eyes.
He wooes, and winnes her too, with small adoe,
"Where both desire, both parties seeme to wooe.
And who would not desire so rare a one,
Whom all desire, him to enioy alone?
They married are. Opinions equall voice,
Say both are happy in each others choice.
For she was faire, and rare, and rich, and young,
And wise, and noble, and full sweetly sung;
In all compleate she was, only did faile,
Hauing too small a body for her taile.
This fault she tooke by kinde, it cost her nought,
From her birth place the frailtie first she brought.
And though by all good meanes she strouе to hide
This naturall blemish, still it was espide.

And ſpied the more, becauſe this corporall ill,
Being ſingle here, did each mans fancy fill.
" That diſproportion doubles in the minde,
" Where we it ſingle in the body finde.
And ſo it fell out here; not long they dwelt
In peace, but loues fire alteration felt,
And gan to ſlake and coole, where it ſhould not,
And where it ſhould be coole, it waxed hot.
She now did hate and loath, the ſweet ſhe had,
And linger after ſomething that was bad.
Her taile was too too large for him to tread,
He too too little her to ouer-ſpread.
To ouer-ſpread her body was not much,
But her inſatiate taile, and minde was ſuch.
So weakeſt ſtomacks ſtrongeſt meates deſire,
So greateſt ſmoke riſeth from ſmalleſt fire.
So ſlender wits great matters vndertake,
So ſwift purſuite, doth ſlow performance make.
So th'appetite, by impotence is moued.
So ſhe (though little) euery great thing loued.
She lou'd all great things, and all rare things ſought,
But what ſhe had that ſhe eſteemed nought.
She had what others long'd for, and enioyde
What all deſir'd: and that enioying cloyde.
And now ſhe ginnes to hate, and wiſh in heart,
A fit occaſion offer'd were to part.
But wanting ſuch, ſhe frames one: doth traduce,
And wound his honour for her owne excuſe.
And ſtill pretending modeſtlie a cauſe,
Immodeſtly, ſhe tria'l claimes by lawes.
Although the *Phœnix* her with teares did woo,
She ſeparation ſought, and gets it too.

The ſentence paſt, ſhe *Cynoſure* doth wed,
An vnknowne fowle, by th'ayre begot and bred.
He (following kind) trod oft, and quencht her heate,
And ſhe laid oft, fild many a neaſt and ſeate
With addle egges; but neuer bird did ſpring,
Out of thoſe ſhells, nor other liuing thing.
Yet ſome in their opinions counted wiſe,
Say, that ſuch egges do hatch the Cockatrice.
Yet nothing from theſe ſpurious Embrions came
But naked promiſes, and open ſhame.
In memory of whoſe vnhappy wombe,
That brought dead fruit forth, like a liuing tombe,
(Dead fruite, much like faire apples all of ſmoake,
Which grow in *Sodome*, and the eaters choake,)
Each courtly Lady now vpon their head,
Do weare a bird of Paradiſe, in ſtead
Of a light feather; which doth warning giue,
How free from lightneſſe, Ladies ought to liue:
How conſtant they ſhould be, how firme in loue:
Not feather-like, apt with each breath to moue.
How well proportion'd, not ſo great below,
But leſſe in ſhew, and more in truth to know.
To fit the bottome with an equall ſaile,
And not to ouer-top the head with taile.
All this it tells them, and doth ſhew beſide,
" How addle egges ſpring out of luſt, and pride.
" How noble houſes by ignoble deeds,
" Bury themſelues and their owne ruine breeds.
" How beautie and all vertues of the minde,
" Conioynde with wealth, adorne not woman-kinde:
" Except with theſe, true chaſtitie be placed,
" And that againe, by modeſty be graced.

And now I will proceede to tell my ſtory,
How ſad the *Phœnix* was in minde, how ſory,
To be ſo ſleighted and ſo ill reſpected,
By her for whoſe ſake, he had all neglected.
This wounds his heart, and he reſolues too late,
A ſecond matches for the firſt to hate;
To liue alone, and neuer more to minde
Fond alteration, in the courſe of kinde.
But griefe perplex'd him ſo, he fear'd to die,
E're he were fitted for poſteritie.
And ſo his neaſt vnmade, he quickly might,
Both life, and name, and memory looſe outright.
This to preuent his flight he nimbly takes
O're hilles and dales, o're deſarts, riuers, lakes,
O're kingdomes, countries, bounding Eaſt and Weſt,
And ſpices gathers vp to build his neaſt.
Which made, and finding ſtill his former griefe,
Not curd but growing deſperate of reliefe,
Him better ſeemed by priuiledge of kinde,
To kill his body, and renue his minde:
To leaue griefe where it breeds with earth on earth,
And recreate his ſpirit with ſpritly birth,
(Like fire, which touching powder ſtraight reſolues
The groſſer parts; and each it ſelfe inuolues
In it's owne element) then ſo t'outweare,
And tyre away with griefe ſix hundred yeare,
(For ſo long liues the *Phœnix*) but though he,
"So long he dies, that liues in miſerie.
And therefore ſoone betakes him to his neaſt,
Where fore-prepard he findes his funerall dreſt.
The Sun ſhines bright and hot, he with his wings
Makes more the heate: & ſparkling diamond bring
Whol

Whoſe ſtrong reflection, or retention rather
Either beates backe the heate, or heate doth gather.
Which kindled (like dri'd leaues with burning glaſſes)
Conſumes the neaſt, the bird, and all to aſhes.
Vpon theſe aſhes fruitfull dewes deſcend,
And the hot Sun his actiue beames do bend.
So heate and moiſture twixt them procreate,
A ſilly worme vnlike the bird in ſtate.
But time doth giue it growth, and ſhape, and feathers,
And ſtill perfection from each houre it gathers.
Till to the former equall it appeares,
Or rather all one bird, except in yeares.
The rauenous *Vulture* wondring long had ſtood
To marke all this, within a neighbour wood.
Which hauing ſeene, ambition pricks her ſo,
That ſhe reſolues whatſeuer power ſaith no,
Example and direction hence to take,
Herſelfe and hers all *Phœnixes* to make.
So calls ſhe firſt the Hee, and then the young:
And thus gan ſpeake to them with rauiſht tounge
How much my power hath done, how much my wit,
You know, yet know ſome repetition fit.
I do the *Eagle* rule, (the birds braue King)
And worke him to my minde in euery thing.
He preyes on whom I liſt; ſtill on the beſt;
Eates what I ſtint him, and leaues you the reſt.
I gouerne euery *Hauke*, or bird of pray;
Such as confront the *Eagle*, me obay;
And make me ſharer in their richeſt prize,
And how to pleaſe me beſt, beſt meanes deuiſe.
I that deſpiſe Religion, ſcorne all law,
Do binde all other birds to both by awe:

To both for my aduantage, elſe you know
I can prophane the Temple well enough;
Polute the Altar, ſearch each graue, each tombe,
And dig out of the priuiledged wombe
Of hallow'd earth, dainties for you to lurch,
Mans fleſh, enſhrined in the ſacred Church.
You know I foſter Souldiers not for loue,
But to breed warres; the ſlaine my prey ſtill proue.
All ſorts, profeſſions, kindes, I prey vpon,
When their ſweete fleſh is turn'd to carrion.
For carrion is my food, let others kill
And hazzard life for life, we ſafely will
Eate the vnfortunate, the weake, diſtreſſed,
Whom want enfeebled, mighty power oppreſſed.
This is our practiſe. But I cald ye now
For higher aimes: to giue you notice how
We may aſpire in royaltie and pride
Aboue the *Eagle*, and all birds beſide.
Much time, much ſtudy, with full large expence,
Haue I beſtowed, to gaine intelligence
Of a rare ſecret, which exceedeth farre
Th' *Alchimiſters* Idol, call'd th'Elixar.
This is, to vnderſtand and know aright,
What courſe to take, and how we compaſſe might
The glorious eminence, the ſingular grace,
The famous *Phœnix* hath in euery place:
How to attaine her nature, beauty, ſtate;
And without copulation procreate.
At length my wit, my induſtry, and chance
Concurring, did this happineſſe aduance:
For watching lately, as I often did,
In deſart vaſt, among thicke buſhes hid,

I ſaw

I ſaw (vnſeene) the myſterie throughout,
And can reſolue each rite, each ſcrupulous doubt.
The circumſtance were needleſſe, whil'ſt the fact
Shall manifeſt each ſeuerall Scene, and act,
With happy iſſue; and accompliſh ſo
Our wiſhes, that we ſhall amazed goe;
Amazed goe, to ſee our ſelues ſo low,
So ſoone to ſuch a pitch of glory grow:
So ſoone tranſlated, metamorphoſed,
And new created from the foot to head:
Beyond our hopes, report, the preſent ſtation
Of other birds, almoſt to adoration.
Enquire not how, but each prepare t'obay
What I command; performance leads the way.
Hie on, hie all, to ſeuerall quarters flie,
And through the whole world make a ſcrutinie
For aromaticke drugges, perfuming ſpices,
Rare pretious ſtones, rich iewels, ſtrange deuices.
Bring them together, lay them on this hill,
And the ſucceſſe refer to my deep skill.

The young ones all obayde, but then the Male
Staid long t'enquire the reaſon of this tale.
Yet long he durſt not ſtay, leſt ſhee from thence
Should beate him for his arrogant offence:
For Females of all rauening fowles beare ſway,
And the blacke *Vulture* is a bird of pray.
The Male nere meddles with young, meat, or neſt:
But ſhee commands, and he ſits like a gueſt.
He ſeeing her incenſt, away doth poſt
Ore many Seas, and many an vnknowne Coaſt,
And all the world ſurueyes from Eaſt to Weſt,
From North to South, and gathers what is beſt;

Sweet

Sweet odoriferous ſpices, amber-greece,
The *Caſtors* ſtones, the *Ermins* ſpotted fleece,
Rich Luzerns, Sables, Martins, and the horne
Of the moſt precious-feld-ſeen *Unicorne*.
The *Muſk-cats* cod, with Rubies bluſhing red,
Quick-ſparkling Diamonds cutting glaſſe like lead;
Bright ſhining Carbuncles, and Saphires blew,
With Iaſper, Iacynth; Emeralds greene in view;
Perſpicuous Chriſtall, orient Pearles large, round,
And Gold, for which man doth the Center ſound;
Blacke, white, greene, marble; in-laid Porphyrie,
With Alablaſters for Imagerie:
Truth-trying Touch-ſtones, making things diſtinct;
And what rariety elſe within precinct
Of ample Nature dwells, they hither brought;
With which a curious neaſt ſhee neatly wrought,
To match whoſe wealth remayning earth was bace.
Her ſelfe, Mate, yong, each by themſelues had place
In this moſt royall building. Then in ſtate
Her ſelfe ſate downe, and next her muſing Mate.
Her yong ones then in order, One by One,
And now the Sunne ſhin'd hot on euery ſtone
The ſpice gan kindle, Now quoth ſhee I finde
My ſelfe halfe made immortall changing kinde.
The fire flam'd fiercer then, and ſing'd their wings:
Be conſtant Sirs quoth ſhee, you ſhall be Kings.
"Gold crownes are heauy, toyle is hard but gainfull;
"There is no excellent ſweet but firſt is painfull.
They would haue flowne away, but 'twas too late.
Quoth ſhee the *Phœnix* dies to liue in ſtate.
With that ſhe ſinkes, her neaſt and all combuſt
Her glorious hopes, and proiects turn'd to duſt.

Which

Which tells vs this: Pride ſtill doth ouer-build.
" Folly is not in architecture skill'd.
" Wit frames his Plot according to his ſtate,
" And to a ſmall houſe makes no lofty gate.
" But ouer-bold Ambition fires her neaſt,
" And prooues her houſes ſhame, her houſe a ieaſt.

Epimythium.

The *Phœnix* betokens vnitie in Religion. This was proper to the Iewes, but they forſooke it, as the bird of Paradice did the *Phœnix*. Then it came to the Gentiles, and ſeemed to returne to its owne nature to be vniuerſall, not tyed to place, or Nation, or perſon. The *Phœnix* dyed, and out of the aſhes aroſe a new *Phœnix*. Chriſt came not to deſtroy but fulfill the Law. The old faith remaines which was firſt preached in Paradice, the ceremonies only are aboliſhed, by the preſence of the thing ſignified. That ſeemes an other, which is the ſame truth. Wee Chriſtians poſſeſſe what the Iewes expected. They are diuorced (with the bird of Paradice) for their vnfaithfulneſſe and vnbeleefe; now they are wedded to the *Cynoſure* their owne wills and ſtiffe-necked opinions and traditions. They tread and cackle, and lay egges; addle egges or rather adders egges, egges of winde without fruit, which neuer proue birds. They expect in vaine an other Meſſias to ſaue them, till the true Meſſias is ready to come to iudge them. They are a ſcattred people, hatefull to all where they inhabite.

The

The *Vulture* and her brood is the Clergie of Rome; where the ſhee or female preuailes. Shee will be called the Mother Church, which is truly the whore of Babylon, the malignant Church, the Aduerſarie, the Antichriſt. Shee builds to her owne ruine, her power and policie ſhall ouerthrow it ſelfe. Shee ſhall burne in her owne neſt. Let all ſuch therefore as loue the truth, and would ſaue their ſoules, come out of her.

VNIO.

VNIO.

Dedicated

TO THE TRVE
Louer of his Country Sr ARTHVR
HEVENINGHAM Knight, and
his truely Religious LADY.

YOu know the moodes of Men, the tempers too
Of Climes, of States, of Elements; Then who
May better read this tale? The minde that's free
Can iudge diſeaſes, and diſtempers ſee.

THe *Mole*, *Chameleon*, and the *Salamander*,
As neere the Ocean they togither wander,
Spying at ſea the *Lamprey*, haild him thus:
Good day my friend to you and eke to vs.
We three are met to argue and debate
Which of vs liueth in the happieſt ſtate;
Whether the ayre, the earth, or fire doth giue
To what they breed beſt ſuſtenance to liue.

And

And we would gladly heare how farre the sea
May with fire, ayre, and earth compared be.
You happily we met as we would wish,
Being a prompt, deep diuing, subtle fish,
And ablest to resolue vs. Come then show
The life you lead, and learne our liues to know.
The *Lamprey* soone consents. And first the *Mole*
Doth thus begin. Deare friends I left my hole
To breath the open ayre (whose light I hate)
T'acquaint yee with the blessings of my state.
And to perswade ye, if ye loue your rest
To liue with me in peace, and plenty blest.
It fits me first to speake, for I had first
My being, long before the earth was curst.
Darknes was not created; 'tis as old
As that great workman which the whole doth mold.
But light was made long after, and doth show,
That ignorance is elder then to know.
The workmans selfe in cloudy darknes keeps;
For no eye sees or when he wakes or sleeps.
He loues not euery curious foole should see
What ioyes, what treasures, in oblitiion bee.
The worthy Grecian would haue learn'd that Art,
For ignorance is wisdoms better part.
When all was *Chaos* first the Center stood,
And all the solide parts, call'd Earth. The flood
Was next, being ponderous. The ayre flew higher;
And as a hedge to all was placed fire.
What first was plac'd was worthiest, & brought forth
The first of creatures, and best things of worth.
And first it brought forth things that were below;
The roote had life, before the fruit did grow.

Demogorgon omniũ Deorum primus, in media terra degens, crassissima nebula circũdatus, situ obductus est.

Ima Deoũ. ex Boccacio.

Quod non est cognitum est ens. Arist. lib. 8. de gener. & corr.

Impossibile est scire quid est ignorare, si est. Posterior. lib. 2.

Plutarch. vita Themistocl.

Socra. Hoc scio me nihil scire.

Ouid. Met. lib. 1.

Omne quod fit à natura, fit secundũ ordinem. Arist. lib. 16. Animal.

And

And we (earths darlings) had our ſhape within
Er'e you without. Nor do th'effects of ſin
(Ambitious ſin which light and knowledge fought
And (fondly curious) to vnde obedience thought
A baſe director) ſo afflict and kill
Vs here within; as you who ſhare in ill
Of puniſhment and guilt, with fooliſh Man;
Yet no way from his rule acquit yee can.
You dwell with him, and dye with him. But we
Are earth by nature, procreated free.
And our forefathers cuſtomes ſtill obay,
Doe as they did, and follow their blind way.
Not ſtriuing buſily our wits t'approue
By ſearching doubts, but rather ſhew our loue,
By louing euen their errors that are gone,
Or reuerently beleeuing they had none.
Our dyet is moſt choice, on rootes we feed,
And relliſh firſt the ſweet of euery ſeed.
You liue on th'excrement, and do not know,
That fundamentall vertue ſprings below.
Beſides you liue like ſlaues, but I am free,
Though bloody-minded Man oft ſeeks for me.
The *Lyon* did pretend becauſe I haue
Foure feet, that I by nature was his ſlaue:
He call'd for this a Councell, ſent for me
To ſweare to his ſeruile ſupremacie.
But I (refuſing th'othe) to ſpite him more
Did vndermine his Councell-chamber flore.
And had not light (damn'd light) my plot bewraide
He had to hell ſunke by the traine I laide.
But light diſcouered me, and ſince that deed
I loath light more, and do in darkneſſe breed.

Humum degerit Talpa, & radices ſubtra comedit & corrodit. Iſid. l. 12.

Dark-

Darknes thou sweet companion, friend of sleep,
How I delight in thee. With thee doth keep
All that man seeks for, euery secret plot,
Darke mysterie, close stratagem; what not?
Inuisible wealth, with treasures manifold,
But chiefe Mans soule, his god, almighty-gold.
This Man knowes well, and knowing learnes of me
To dig and delue till in his graue he be.
Then all proclaime him happy: say he is
At peace and rest, and doth enioy all blisse.
Omnia eorum-puntur in ea ex quibus sunt. Ar. lib. 3. Metaphy.
And such say truth: for he returnes againe
To his first being, and doth so remaine.
"Contentment with darke ignorance doth dwell,
"And light and knowledge only maketh hell.
Then without farther strife liue all with me,
If you will taste no paines, nor errors see.
The changeable *Chamelcon* laught out-right,
To heare the blinde *Mole* raile so much at light.
And said; Your darker spirits cannot conceiue,
The blessed fruit, that we from light receiue.
Let fooles depend on faith implicatiue,
Wisemen into the depth of truth will diue.
Darknes and ignorance, which you suppose
Had an eternall being, are the foes
Of all eternall beings; and indeed
Tenebræ sunt priuatio luminis. Are voide in nature, without fruit, root, seed.
Darknes is but the absence of cleare light.
As error is the ignorance of right.
Arist l. 2. de anima. So these two are vacuities, want being;
Not seen by others, nor yet others seeing.
Arist. de gener. & corrup. lib. 1. From nothing, nothing springs; something there was
From whence this vniuersall frame, this Masse

Of

Of ſtrange agreeing contrarieties,
Had eſſence: and twas ſomething that had eyes:
For ſure it was not ignorance, nor night,
They could not ſee to order things ſo right.
But it was knowledge, wiſdom, light, and truth,
Figur'd in mature age, and actiue youth.
The priuiledge you plead, Antiquitye,
Proues onely, that of old you vſde to lye;
And that all truth you hate, for truth doth run
Still to the light, and you the light do ſhun.
And where you challenge your creation firſt,
It is not like Nature would make the worſt,
Before the beſt; except this can preferre
Your claime, that as young workmen vſe to erre
In their firſt workes; ſo Nature firſt did try
To make right eyes, by making yours awry.
Much rather truth it is, ſhe did beſtow
Labour in framing others; but for you,
She left you to corruption, night, and chance,
Which made your eyes ſuch, ſuch your countenance.
And your tame-blinde obedience well befits
Such earth-bred, doltiſh, dull, and ſluggiſh wits.
But ayerie Spirits acquainted with the light,
Will not be led by cuſtome from the right.
No loue, no friends, no predeceſſor ſhall
Peruert their iudgments; they examine all.
And for the food ye boaſt to eat, boaſt ſtill;
No root, herbe, fruit of yours, I handle will.
They are corrupted. Ayre doth only giue
True nourishment, and happieſt meanes to liue.
The ſick-man ſhewes this, who the weather fayer,
Remoues for health, from cloſe to th'open ayer.

Talpa ſolem odit & fugit. Iſid.

Omne animal generãs ſibi ſimile habet oculos præter talpã &c. Ariſt.

Talpa nõ habet oculos quia in generatione eius naturaliter ditur. Ariſt: l. 4. de animal.

Talpa roſtrũ habet ad modũ porci.

Talpa. Corium rumpitur quando incipit mori, & tum incipit aperire oculos. Arist.

And for the light, your death doth it approue;
When only then your eyes are seen to moue.
Then you begin to see, and loath the kinde
Which being blind themselues brought you vp blind,
Bereauing you of many a blessed sight,
Which we enioy, who loue and liue in light.
Your freedom from all beasts I like. Tis ill
To be subiected to an others will:
But that to your superiors I do hare,

Aër sit Cameleonti cibus. Chameleon gyrat oculos suos frequẽter circũquaque. Arist.

And therefore am exilde from euery state:
I liue a poore thin creature, by the ayer;
My selfe I feed with hopes, others with prayer.
My eyes I oft lift vp, and rolle about,
Desiring to be seen to be deuout.
But neither with my bulke, nor with my backe
Supply the least defect of others lacke.
I beare no woll to clothe, no flesh to feed;
Let sheep, and Calues, releeue the poore that need.
I rauisht go with a distracted looke,
And turne my minde, still, as I turne my booke.
My will doth lead my conscience, not my wit,
And euery riddle for my purpose fit:
Hating whatsere is old, I loue the new
And to all purposes, change my ready hue.

Illud quod est in corpore suo est modicæ carnis.

My flesh is low, my spirit high and prowd
Doth contradict what order hath allow'd.
I fast when others feast, feast when they fast,
And with Angelicall food, I do out-last
All Gormandizers. Come then, liue with me
All that loue life, and light, and would be free.

The *Salamander* hearing this discourse,
Sayd. Sure you both do argue without force.

Dark

Darke ignorance our nature doth contemne;
And curious search wise Magistrates condemne.
By blindnes we our wants and dotage shew:
To those, not reuerence, but reproch is dew.
Not priuatiue blindnes, our antiquitie showes,
But only that which by long seeing growes.
But you blinde *Mole* do ignorance affect,
Which breeds derision, scorne and dis-respect.
For what a senseleſſe part is this in you,
Your fathers faults and errors to allow?
And not much rather to reforme your owne,
By shunning the defects, which they haue showne?
Your food is grosse and earthy; dirt and mould
Mixt with old roots, do much corruption hould.
Yet (though they gin to die, with age and wither)
The good with bad (being old) you cram together.
This makes my fiery spirit scorne to keep
In your darke cells, where knowledge seems to sleep.
But you *Chameleon* with a hand too bold,
Oppose, contemne, and scorne, what's ere is old.
You only loue to see, but not to doo,
You dote on knowledge and on error too.
" Tis error, in our sight to ouerweene,
" And but our owne, all iudgments dis-esteeme,
" Tis error to be fondly ouer-wise,
" Too pure, too iust, too perfect, too precise,
There is a meane. For knowledge sure doth liue
" Only, where it doth good to others giue.
You too too sawcie hidden secrets handle,
And too too fond your owne conceits do dandle,
And cocker with obseruance: being so
A friend to superstition, though a foe.

Corpus pellucidū illuminatur per reflectionē, corpus cœleſte ſolum per ſe. Com. in Ariſt. lib. 1. Met.

The light you vſe, is borrowed not your owne,
The colours that you ſee, their ground vnknowne.
Your darke imperfect, double glimmering ſight,
Is but th'extended beames of greater light.
Ariſing from vicinitie of fire,
To which the pureſt elements aſpire
In their refined parts; the earth in gold
And pretious ſtones, do moſt reſemblance hold;
The ſea in ſalt, in Pearles, in dewes that riſe,
And to the Sunne-ward with ambition flies;
The ayer in colours and in Meteors bright,
Which the Sunnes place vſurpe in darkeſt night.

Lux eſt viſibilis per ſe: color verò mediante luce. Com. in Ar. l. 2. de Anima.

Tis fire alone that ſearcheth and refines,
And doth diuide the groſſe from purer mines.
Tis fire that makes graſſe, herbe, and tree to grow:
Melts the ſeas Icie chaines, and th'earths cold ſnow.
It cheers the young, it cheriſheth the old,
Reuiues the dying, makes the Coward bold.

Omnia elementa putrefiunt præter ignem. Ariſt. l. 4. Meteo.

Nothing without it can be ſaid to liue,
What'ere hath being, it doth glory giue.
Which makes me to determine, that the light
Which you inviſible call, is but a ſprite
Made by your feare, and ſtrong imagination,
Without true being, eſſence, or foundation.

Stellæ enim non videntur de die propter lumen ſolis. Com. Ar. l. 2. de Anima.

For light the greater 'tis, doth more appeare;
So would that light of lights, if ſuch there were.
My iudgment therefore in this rule doth runne,
There's nothing greater then the glorious Sunne.
Here I ſet downe my reſt. And for the ſchooles,
That teach beleefe, let them ſtill tutor fooles.
From your contention, my inſtruction ſprung;
And thus I learn'd to thinke when I was yong.

The *Mole* doth feed too much on earthly meat,
And the *Chameleon* nought but ayre doth eat.
I neither like your fast, nor yet your feasting,
For twixt you two all earnest turnes to iesting.
And doth perswade me think, there is no food,
In earth or ayre, that doth or hurt, or good.
So all my knowledge, practise, life, doth chime,
According to the current, state, and time.
I thinke they'r only gulls, that liue in awe
Of any thing but want, death, and the law.
I quench all fiery zeale where'ere I come,
And would haue policie speake, Religion dumbe.
I poyson with my breath, both foe and frend,
And to my pleasure do each proiect bend.
In briefe I only am a freeman borne,
Who loue my selfe alone, and others scorne.
The *Lamprey* hearing this damn'd Atheist tell,
A tale befitting none but *Machiauel*,
Thrust his eye-guarded head aboue the brim,
Of the rug'd waues, and to the shore did swim.
And on his slipperie belly gan to slide,
Till he came neere the *Salamanders* side.
Thou curs'ed slaue (quoth he) though I proceed
From some of thy neere kin, of serpents seed,
And am half serpent, as thou wholy art,
Yet I am halfe a fish; and euen that part
Prouokes me contradict the curs'ed note,
Which thou didst vomit from thy venomd throat.
Thy Pedigree is lineally deriued
From that great Serpent, which at first depriued
The rest of feet; and being ouer-wise
Gulld credulous man of glorious Paradise.

Salamandræ tantus est rigor, vt ignem tactu extinguat sicut glacies Plin. l. 10.

Fructus arborũ inficit, aquas corrũpit. Ex quibus si quis comederit vel biberit mox necatur. Plin. l. 10.

Murena non à suo simili cõcipitur, sed à serpente. Idid. l. 12. cap 6.

Still thou partak'ſt that nature, and each tree
Thy tongue or teeth touch, ſo infected be
In root and fruit, that who ſo eats doth die,
Poyſon'd b'accurſt, cold infidelitie.
Too light beleefe, and too too earneſt thirſt
Of curious knowledge, cauſde death enter firſt:
But now thy skill hath brought it ſo about,
That hearing, ſeeing, feeling, ſtill we doubt.
And flying one extreame, we fondly fall
Into the contrary; wiſe, fooles, and all.
"Yet blindneſſe better is, then hauing eyes,
"Not t'acknowledge truthes, but count them lyes.
"Tis better to be doubtfull what we know,
"Then to be Truthes profeſt and open foe.
The *Mole* and the *Chameleon* better are,
And neerer truth, then thou thy ſelfe by farre.
Yet the *Chameleon* ſomewhat doth reſemble
Thy nature, but he can more cloſe diſſemble.
He is not ſo prophane, ſo impious, bold,
To call all truth in doubt, both new and old;
Though he giues darknes not the praiſe he ought,
And too too curious, after knowledge ſought:
Yet he confeſſeth that there is a light
He cannot ſee, through th'impotence of ſight.
But you all light and knowledge do confine
Within the Sunne, as if it were diuine:
And like a deſperate traytor, fooliſh theefe,
From Art and Nature ſteale, to kill beleefe.
Come then good fellowes (quoth the *Lamprey*) tak
This monſter vp amongſt vs; let vs make
Him an example of our iuſtice ſhowne,
Vpon Truthes foe, ſo manifeſtly knowne.

Dubitatorũ ſolũmodò eſt veritatis inquiſitio. Ariſtot. Met. l. 3.

Wit

With that he nimbly twines himſelfe about
The *Salamander* (being quicke and ſtout:)
Chameleon and the *Mole*, the *Lamprey* aide
Which makes the *Salamander* much diſmai'd.
Yet he doth lay about with tongue, teeth, nailes,
And bites them all, but oddes at length preuailes.
And they remayning victors caſt him downe
From the ſteepe cliffe, and ſo the Atheiſt drowne.
Then comming backe, they two the *Lamprey* pray
His wiſe opinion of their ſtrife to ſay:
That they may know to which part he enclines
Whether to darknes, or where ſplendor ſhines.
He ſoone conſents, and tells how he (by kinde
Bred and brought vp in mud) is of the minde
The *Mole* ſpake truth. For happineſſe (quoth he)
" Conſiſts in what we haue, not what we ſee.
And ſight prouokes vs wiſh, and couet change
And ſo in boundles, endles, toyle we range.
" He that knowes moſt, knowes beſt what he doth miſſe,
" The loſſe of *Paradiſe* is only this.
" The ſimple innocent truth this inſtance fameth;
" Man in the darke being naked nothing ſhameth.
Thus he diſcourſt, then tells how he behaues
Himſelfe in darknes, vnderneath the waues.
How he prefers old Ignorance, before
New Knowledge, and (I wot) knowes cauſe therefore.
Shewes how for this opinion he was brought
Before the *Whale*, yet long in vaine was ſought:
Tells how he ſcapes the ſearch by many creeks
And winding holes, when *Hippia* him ſeeks:
For they (*Phenician Creſiſhes* being ſwift)
Are Purſeuants which he can hardly ſhift:

Yet he hath learned counsell, who directs
His whole proceeding, when he ought suspects.
First subtle *Polypus* to whom he cleaues,
And seeming part of him the search deceaues.
Then turbulent *Cuttle*, who doth raise the mud,
And such a colour mingle with the flood,
That no eye can discouer where he lies,
And so he often scapes the craftie spies.
Then creeps to stones that lye on silt and sand,
(Not to the corner-Stone on stedfast land:)
And if by chance they finde him spite of these,
And so attach him, then he can with ease
Slip through their fingers, or himselfe vnwinde,
By leauing some part of his slime behinde.
He can equiuocate, and double so,
That euery way at once he seems to go.
Yet once he taken was, and brought to triall,
Where with his doubtfull answers, stiffe deniall,
Low crouching, smooth conueyance, flattering guise
He scap't th'Exchequor, Prison, and th'Assise.
Then being askt, why darker ignorance
Before the light he did in speech aduance.
He answers, first it was to try his wit;
Not that he held it to be true or fit.
Againe, because small vse of light he had,
He to make some fooles like himselfe was glad.
With these slie answers, and great friends beside,
And * faithfull bribes, he did from danger glide:
And such feed friends he had in euery Court,
And euery office, that the least report
Of threatned danger rounded him in th'eare
To shift his seat, before the storme came neare.

Lamprey quasi Lapetra. Of licking rocks. Camden.

* Bribes are faithful friends, for gifts corrupt the wise.

Then

Then ſhewes he how the better to diſguiſe
His double face, he had two rowes of eyes:
As though he lou'd all knowledge and all light.
But (quoth he) only two of theſe haue ſight;
The reſt are hypocriticall and blinde:
Yet their appearance calmes the *Whales* fierce minde.
Whoſe eatie nature open to abuſe,
Takes ſhew for ſubſtance, colour for excuſe.
I thus adapt and frame my ſelfe to follow
The *Whales* command, although my heart be hollow.
I liue at quiet, offices obtaine,
Place in the warres, and in the *Coram* gaine.
All which ſhall turne vnto the *Whales* deſtruction:
If euer great fiſh, mooue but inſurrection:
For Ile diſcouer all when time ſhall fit;
" Who truſts a halfe friend, hath not halfe his wit.
Whil'ſt thus he argu'd, and the *Mole* grew proud,
To heare affected ignorance allow'd:
And that ſo many in that large dominion,
Remain'd vpholders of his ſtiffe opinion.
The thinne *Chameleon* gan looke bigge and ſwell,
And each complain'd himſelfe he was not well,
Then but too late, they found how they were ſtung
And poyſon'd by the *Salamanders* toung.
There was no helpe, but die they muſt. In vaine
They weepe; and each to other ſhew their paine,
Till Iuſtice did by death their paine conclude,
With tragicke end cloſing their enterlude.

Epimythium.

Epimythium.

THe *Mole* is the blinde, obſtinate, refractary Romiſh Catholike, who hath no other anſwere or reaſon for any article of faith, or point of religion, but this: My predeceſſors were of this opinion, and they were wiſer then I am. His Poſitions are. 1. *Ignorantia Mater eſt deuotionis.* 2. *Cæca obedientia meruit ex condigno.* 3. *Fides implicatiua ſufficit.* He obeyes that which he calls the mother Church, before God, who is his heauenly Father. For he had rather breake ten of his commandements then one of hers. Gods Sabboth day is his play day, and euery Saints day, his Sabboth. What hee ſpends on Chriſtmas day, hee ſpares on Aſhwedneſday, and Goodfryday. And this is his generall rule, two faſting daies, makes the third a glutton.

The *Chameleon* is in *England* a Familiſt, at *Amſterdam* a Browniſt, further on an Anabaptiſt. He liues by the aire, and there builds Caſtles and Churches: none on the earth will pleaſe him. He would be of the triumphant and glorious Church, but not of the terrene militant Church, which is ſubiect to ſtormes, deformities, and many violences and alterations of time, he muſt finde out *Sir Thomas Mores Vtopia*, or rather *Platoes* Community, and be an *Elder* there. In this point, and in that of reſiſting ciuill gouernours, he ſeems the ſame with the Romiſh Catholicke. But they are ride onely by the tailes, like *Sampſons* foxes, their heades like *Ianus* looke diuers waies. They are *Boutefewes*, & carry betwixt them a fire-brand to inflame all Chriſtendome

ſtendome. They haue in their imagination an *Idea* of ſuch a Church, and ſuch keies as the Romaniſts madly boaſt they poſſeſſe: but they will not haue them the ſame, nor to reſemble theirs. Fooliſh *Alchimiſters* they are both, ſeeking a *Philoſophers* ſtone, and neglecting the true *Elixar*, the *Cornerſtone*. They boaſt to build golde on the foundation, when what they daube on is adulterate ſtuff, laid beſide the foundation. They beggar themſelues in ſeeking for wealth abroad, whil'ſt at home they neglect that Pearle of ineſtimable price, for which the wiſe Merchant giues all that he is worth. If euer I could heare *Papiſt* cleare the *Pope* from being *Antichriſt*, and proue he muſt be one ſingular Perſon, I would then beleiue that he ſhould not ſpring from a Iew of the tribe of *Dan*, as they fable, but from a promiſcuous coniunction betwixt two fugitiues, to *Amſterdam*, and *Rome*.

The *Salamander* is the *Atheiſt*, hee is contrary to himſelfe, and hatefull to others; he poyſons all with whom he conuerſeth, and knowes ſome Philoſophy, no Diuinity. He ſeekes all wiſedome in himſelfe, where the Tutor is the Maſter foole; and is ſo inquiſitiue after the cauſe, that he forgets both the end and the cauſer. His reaſon is his god, and that being falſe, is not able to direct him to ſearch & ſee the true God. Thus he is drown'd in the ſea of his owne fooliſh and boundleſſe imaginations: and being borne a pretty childe, is brought vp for his mothers Cocknie, ſpends his youth like a wittie foole, his Manhood like a reaſonable beaſt, and his age (if iudgement cut him not off) like a diuell incarnate.

Lampreya quaſi Lampetra. *Of licking the rocks* Camden in Worſterſhire.

The *Lamprey* is the ſubtill ſhotten Catholike or Church

Church Papist: He coosins the law and his own soule too. He is worse to trust then the open and profest recusant. He hath no good conscience, for *Conscientia est scientia cum alia scientia.* No good zeale, for zeale is *Intentio virtutum theologicarum* (An opposite to Hypocrisie, with which he clokes himselfe from all penal statutes) He is neither fish nor flesh; but halfe fish, & halfe Serpent, as they say which write of the generation of the *Lamprey.* A man may easily surfet of such meate, and a State soone indanger it selfe by suffering such to increase. There is no law can meete with their fraud. The Churchwarden is his Coppiholder. The Parson is his Chaplaine. These dare not present him; A fine will vndoe the first, and a prohibition begger the other: yet these the law presumes must first speake or none. If these do their office, the Iewry are perhaps his tenants, he is a Iustice of peace, a great man their neighbour. If they finde him guiltie, there are pillars in the Excheaquer: or if these faile, a friend or kinsman in Court makes all sure. These scape thus themselues, and shelter others in their houses and abroad. Because the State through conniuence accepting a weake and imperfect shew of conformity, giues credite to their conuersions, and intrusts them in place where they may doe much hurt. The goods, leases, and monies of the meaner and more resolute sort are past ouer to these, and passe free vnder their priuiledges and protections. The Character to know these is this. They come to Church once a moneth, and then when Prayers are done and the Psalmes sung perhaps at the beginning of the Sermon. They are pragmaticall, and haue for the most part trauail'd and brought

brought home ignorance: they are ſtiffe and inflexible, and call it ſtrength to oppoſe truth and reaſon. They extoll forraigne gouernment, and ſlight all domeſticke graces. They magnifie the *Infanta*, the *Archduke*, and *Spinola*; but vilifie his *Excellence* and the *States*. They will diſpute of ſcandalls, or what may ſeem ſcandalous, and that only at tables, where if you ſtop their mouthes with arguments, they pretend they could ſay more, but that their mouthes are ſtopt with meat. They trauaile ſtill on Sundaies, and remooue againſt Eaſter.

Struthiocamelus

Struthiocamelus.

DEDICATED TO the vertuous KNIGHT, *Sir Iohn Heueningham*, and his charitable LADY.

WHat on our ſelues we ſpend, doth through vs paſſe,
And leaue vs naked, as this Oſtrich *was:*
This makes you on the poore beſtow ſo much,
And no expence but on your ſelues to grutch.

A Wealthy Merchant late in *Barbary*,
Through ſandy deſarts paſſing; chanc't to ſpy
An *Oſtrich* eating iron which he found,
By Trauellers ſcattered vpon the ground:
Quoth then this Merchant; prithee let me know,
What nouriſhment, can from thoſe mettals grow?
The *Oſtrich* anſwers; Sir I do not eate
This iron, as you thinke I do, for meate.
I only keepe it, lay it vp in ſtore,
To helpe my needy friends, the friendleſſe poore.

Tanta caliditatis eſt Struthiocamelus quod ferrum deglutit, dirigit, & conſumit ibid.

I often

I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)
Many a fowndred horſe that wants a ſhooe:
Seruing a Maſter that is mony leſſe:
Such I releiue and helpe in their diſtreſſe.
With Trauellers I meete that are beſet
By theeues and robbers often. Then I get
My ſelfe among the thickeſt, and preſent
Out of my maw a piſtoll ready bent,
A ſword and dagger, or ſome ſuch like toole,
To help the true man, and the theefe to coole.
The Merchant mus'de (as well he might) at this,
And thought within himſelfe; this fellow is
Moſt fit for my imployment, I will ſtraight
Hire him to be my Bailieffe. No deceit
Lurkes in his ſimple ſhew; he'le ſurely keepe,
My plow-yorns, when my lazie hindes do ſleepe.
This to the *Oſtrich* motion'd, he agrees,
The wages are ſet downe, the vailes, the fees,
The liuory, with circumſtance enough,
And they come home. And now God ſpeed the plough.
The *Oſtrich* carefully laies vp the rakes,
The pitchforke-teines, the iron-pointed ſtakes,
The wedges, hammer, hatchet, and the nailes,
The ſithe, the ſickle, and the biles of pailes,
The ſhare, the coulter, heele-yorne, and the cocke,
The whip, the horſe-ſhooe, with the key and locke.
He needes no locke and key to keepe them vnder,
But keeps both lock & key, where you wold wonder.
Then comes into the houſe, puts vp the gun,
The ſword and dagger; and when this is done,
Deuoures the dripping-pan, the cob-irons, ſpit,
And ſwallowes all the iron bit by bit.

The

The Merchaunt prais'd his fortune, that he had
Got one so good, mong'st many seruants bad.
Tolde him he shortly would his state preferre,
From being Bailiffe, to be Treasurer;
For he could not inuent a surer hold,
Then th' *Ostrich* had for siluer, or for gold.
And now the Merchant leauing one at home,
That he may well trust, goes abroad to rome:
Neglects his house and lands, thinks all is well,
And as he wont to do, doth buy and sell.
Mong'st other things he sold, because the wars
Began afresh, he truct for yron barres.
For he was one of those that would for gaine,
Sell bullets, where they were shot home againe,
And did our Mines and Woods on Ordnance waste,
Which spite of lawes, he to the Enemy past.
Much yorne he had at home, and sold beside
All kinde of armour fit for such a tide.
So home he comes glad of so good a mart,
For here he knowes the *Ostrich* plaies the part
Of a good Bailiffe. He may easily thriue,
When such a full winde doth his fortune driue.
His land he finds vntill'd, he wonders then
And thinkes the fault rests in his lazy Men.
They say they wanted yrons for the plough,
He wonders, for the Bailiffe had enough.
He findes his house all naked, not a bit
Of meate prepar'd, the Cooke wants pot, and spit.
He goes to bed, the theeues assault his house:
He hath no weapon to resist a Mouse.
He riseth early, lookes for his munition,
The place remaines, no yron in fruition.

His

His barres are gone, his houſhold ſtuffe and all,
Now to account his Bailiffe he doth call.
The Seruants ioyne in their petition firſt,
And ſhew their griefes, how hard he was, and curſt.
How he kept back their wages and their meate,
And gaue them worke, but gaue them not to eate.
How he neere hand had made a monſtrous neaſt,
Where whilſt they faſted, he and his did feaſt.
And thither he conuaide the yron worke
Where the ſhe *Oſtrich* and his young did lurke:
Who ſwallow'd all; for they haue mawes as large
As culuerings, which would as ſoone diſcharge
The yron loade; and ſooner farre would ſpend,
And bring a world of wealth to lauiſh end.
The *Oſtrich* to excuſe himſelfe bewraies
The place where ſafely he this yron laies.
Carries him to a priuate hole, where ſtill
He dung'd, when he his maw did ouer-fill.
Quoth he if you can good diſtinction make,
Each ſeuerall peece you may from hence vptake.
The plow-geares, cart-geares, and the tooles for war,
Spits, pots, and cobiorns, here together are.
Each wedge, knife, hammer, and the ſmalleſt naile,
Drawne lymbick wiſe through ſtomacke guts & taile.
It's a rare chymicall extraction now,
Better then all the drugs the Mount-bankes ſhow,
It paſſeth our elixar, or the ſtone
Sought for by many, but attaind by none.
Th'obſtruction of the Liuer, and the ſpleene,
It opens, mollifies, and purgeth cleane.
A ſecret t'is aſſur'd, for madneſſe, folly,
Wild icalouſie, and elowdy melancholly,

Stercus ferri exitium rarumque medicamentum ad omnes locineis & ſplenis obſtructiones. Mathiol. Medicamentum exiccatorium. Idem Mathiol.

It cures the Gout, and qualifies the cauſe,
Suppling a hide bound purſe like th'oile of lawes.
It dries vp humours, humours that abound,
And mans weake body it makes ſafe and ſound.
The Merchant ſtood amazed, but at the laſt,
He ſeazde vpon the *Oſtrich*, held him faſt:
Made him be tide behinde a horſe, and ſtript,
(His buttocks bare as now they be) and whipt.
Ranſackt his neaſt, add brake before his face
His egs, though his poore Hen in hope of grace,
Did ſue for their repriuall. But in vaine,
He lookes to finde his Iron there againe.
Which miſſing he proceedes, exiles him quite,
And then vpon his gate this note doth write.

They are called his egges; becauſe hee trod the hen that laid them.

Let Rich-men wiſely feare,
All ſuch as feathers weare,
It's loſt whatſ'ere they borrow,
And ſoone their mawes goes thorow:
The ſubſtance they conſume
To nought but ſmoke and rhume;
But th'vſe they neuer faile
To pay with tongue and taile.

The *Oſtrich* euer ſince his breeches loſt,
Goes like a naked rogue at whipping poſt.
He hates a horſe to death, ſince he was ſtript,
And for his fault, ti'de at his taile and whipt.
He hides his egges, and couers them from ſight,
Leſt man ſhould find & break them. Thus they write.

Naturaliter equum odit. Arenam fodit & ibi ponit ova ſua quæ fabulo cooperit & egit.

Epimythium.

Epimythium.

THe *Merchant* figureth Parſimony, the *Oſtrich* Prodigalitie; what the one gathers, the other ſpends. Ages, nations, and particular perſons haue their alternall variations and viciſſitudes, euen in gathering and expence, as in all other paſſages. There be few ſcraping feathers, but their children proone witty ſcatterers, or fooliſh retainers: experience of many ages ſcarce produce one contradiction to this generall obſeruation. The father vſeth no more diligence in damning his ſoule by getting goods vnlawfully, then the ſonne doth in ſpending them prodigally: Let this therefore learne *Vſurers*, *Ingroſſers*, and *Oppreſſors* of all profeſſions, (if they loue their wealth, and would not haue it waſted; or loue their children, and would not haue them vndone;) to ſecure their eſtates rather from their children, then for them. It is not the want, but the enioying of abundance that vndoes many men. The rich father who dares beſtow nothing on himſelfe; and the prodigall ſonne that ſpends all on others, and keepes nothing for himſelfe, are the miſerableſt beggers in the world. Others haue pitty and prouiſion to help them, theſe nothing but deriſion and ſcorne. No Hoſpitall will entertaine them; only the father findes roome in Bedlame, and the ſonne a hole in the Counter, or a dungeon in Newgate.

ONOCROTALVS.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT hopefull KNIGHT, Sir THOMAS SOVTHWELL.

YOur name hath long been miſt, now fairely riſe
And make your Country flouriſh. All our eyes
Are caſt vpon your actions; then on vs
Reflect with loue. Shunne Onocrotalus.

WHilome within the Perſian gulfe did haunt
A fowle much like our greedy *Cormorant*,
Cald *Onocrotalus*, who vſde to pray,
On fiſh, or fowle, or beaſt which paſt his way.
He had a crop vnder his boſome wide,
In compaſſe like a ſacke, and thereto ſide.

Much

Onocrotalus eſt auis duos habens ventros. In vno recipit, in alio decoquit ſibi.

Much harme and ſpoile he did, for none could paſſe
But fild his pouch, if bird, beaſt, fiſh, it was.
At length th'oppreſſed birds, with fiſh, and beaſt,
Petition to their Soueraignes, and requeſt
Aide and protection gainſt the open wrong,
This tyrant daily did, and had done long.
The beaſts vnto the *Lyon* made complaint.
Birds to the *Eagle*. Fiſhes did acquaint
The Seas great Emperour the *Whale*, with griefe,
They all ſuſtain'd, and all implor'd releife.
Long was it ere they could be heard, for ſtill,
The *Cormorant*, (for ſo we call him will)
Had many friends in euery Court, which he
Maintainde with large ſhares, and full liberall fee.
For ſtill his gorge full laden, ready ſtood,
And when they miſt elſewhere they here had food,
Food of each kinde, for euery ſtomacke fit,
And ſuch as fauorites were had part of it.
Long thus he put them off, yet at the laſt,
By counter-bribes, their weake petitions paſt.
The *Eagle* firſt did ſeeke him, and he found,
The theefe where he would wiſh, vpon the ground.
Quoth he, well met, are you the fowle that pray,
Vpon our harmleſſe ſubiects night and day,
That none can this way paſſe and vſe his trade,
But is a ſubiect to your fury made?
Not I ſir (quoth the *Cormorant*) I am one,
That liue in contemplation all alone.
This poke I begge with to ſuſtaine my need,
And I no fowle am but a beaſt indeed.
Quoth then the *Eagle*, wherefore ſerue thy wing?
O (quoth the *Cormorant*) thou mighty King

Of feathered fowles, these two are my forefeete,
Held vp to honor thee, with reuerence meete.
And that thou maist be full resolu'd, and know
That I vnto the *Lyon* duty owe,
As subiects to their Soueraignes, not to thee,
Without thou wilt vsurpe authoritie,
And into other neighbour Realmes incroch,
(Which to thy Iustice were a fowle reproch)
Heare but my voice. With that he steps aside,
And in the water thrusts his wezand wide,
And like an *Asse* gan bray. The *Eagle* straight
Hearing his voice, suspected no deceit,
But past away to seeke what now he saw.

Eoſtum in [illegible] interpretatur. Aſſinus. Aſſinus nomine. Iud.

When the late noyse he made did thither draw
The kingly *Lyon*, who did hunt about,
As th'other did to finde th'oppressor out.
And when he spide him; what art thou quoth he
The beast gainst whom so many plaine to me?
O noble *Lyon*, quoth the *Cormorant*,
I am a fish, the water still I haunt.
And here I take my food, and lead my life,
Free from oppression, and each cause of strife.
Why, quoth the *Lyon*, now I heard thee bray
Like to an *Asse*. True, True, my Lord ye say,
(Quoth this smooth hypocrite) for I would faine
Be like an *Asse*, so innocent and plaine.
I loue beasts well, and next your excellence,
The humble *Asse*, for his still patience.
And now to put your highnesse out of doubt,
Behold me swimme and diue. (so launcht he out
Far from the *Lyons* reach) If beasts quoth he,
Can swimme and diue thus, I a beast may be.

With

With that he diues, saying, Sir far you well,
Your faire commends to the King *Whale* I'le tell.
The *Lyon* parted thence; the *Whale* that way
Had sought this *Monster* all the liue-long day;
And seeing such an vncouth thing glide past,
Within his Kingdome, with such nimble hast;
He call'd and bad him stay, and will'd him tell,
If he were *Onocrotalus* that fell
And cruell murtherer, who such hauocke made
Of all that in that wealthy Rode did trade?
O mighty *Emperour* (aloud he cri'de)
I hardly scap't euen now his curs'ed pride
For being by my noble Master sent,
(The *Eagle* King of fowles) you to present
With birds and other iunkets in my crop,
He needs would me from your glad presents stop;
And but he heard you comming, I surmise,
His lawlesse force had made me lawfull prize.
Quoth then the *Whale*, I search to meete that slaue.
But what art thou that canst so well behaue,
Thy taile and nimble fins? Art not a fish?
That I were such (quoth he) it is my wish.
I like thy milder reigne where subiects say,
For loue, and not for dread, they thee obey.
And would arm'd in white scales, if I might choose
Serue thee a fish, and my blacke feathers loose.
But Nature this forbids; yet still I striue,
Euen from my youth, fish-like to swim and diue:
And vnderstand their language, and conuerse
With them whose ciuill manners, are lesse fierce
Then beasts or birds be. For they drinke far more
And eat much lesse, then we doe on the shore.

This drinking I delight in, and haue tride,
By all good meanes to make my belly wide.'
Yet see, I am a fowle. So vp he hies,
And takes his wings with speede, & far thence flies.
The *Whale* then found his cunning, and straight sent
A priuy letter of his close intent,
Both to the *Eagle* and the *Lyon* stout,
To meet and ioyne, and finde this out-law out.
They met, and ioynd, and then this Outlaw found
Nor in the Sea, nor yet vpon the ground:
Nor flying in the aire, but in a hold,
A hollow tree, whose strength made braggard bold.
They spoke him faire, but he discerned plaine,
Their drift, & cride: Faire words make Idiots faine.
They threatned him, but threats he doth deride,
And saith, by threatning words none euer dyde.
The *Eagle* would haue ventered on his neast,
But he his bill held right vpon his breast,
Like a stiffe souldiers pike, sharpe, long, and armd;
And no way but right downe he could be harmd.
The *Lyon* would haue teare with teeth and nailes
The tree vp by the roote, but wanted sailes
To swim so farre, for it in waters stood.
The *Whale* then thought to tosse it in the flood,
But on a rocke it grew, and growing so,
He bad them do their worst, he fear'd no foe.
They saide, they would besiege and starue him out;
He laught amaine, and shew'd how gainst that dout
He was prouided, hauing store to serue
So long, till if they staid, they all would starue.
Then each bethought himselfe of many a wile
And war-like stratagem, how to beguile

Hic in litore quiescens rostrum sursum superiorsum erigit. Et sui ipsius acumine contra insultum Accipitris se præmunit. Isid.

This

This politique Rebell, and to force him yield
Or ſtarue within, or venter to the field.
All works the ayre, the water, or the land
Did ere produce, theſe Captaines vnderſtand:
But none found able to enforce this ſtrength;
The war-like *Lyon* yet conceiu'd at length
How to effect it. Great confederates heare,
(Quoth he) what I propound. There's nought I feare
But what I ſpeake of. Once I did rebell
Againſt our Generall Soueraigne Man: to tell
This fault doth touch my honour, but you all
I know haue been co-partners in my fall,
And his moſt gracious pardon. Then, O then
I kept within my fort, a hideous den
Caru'd out of rocke it was; and no way he
Could force me out, or make aſſault on me.
At laſt with indignation mou'd, he takes
A mighty flint vp, and with hurling, breakes
The ſame againſt a rocke, which flying ſings,
And ſparkles from the ayre betwixt them ſprings
As from a red-hot yron, when a Smith
With heauy hammer beats it on a ſtith.
Neere hand he had before laid leaues with toſſe
From Okes torne with a Northern blaſt, and moſſe
Drid in the parching Sun: and wood which dide
By killing age, and ſtood my den beſide.
The ſparks inflam'd this ſtuffe, which in the mouth
Of my darke Caue he plac'd: the winde then South
Forc'd in the ſmoke, and this ayre-thickning ſmoke
Inforc'd me thus, either come out or choke.

Hie

The issue you remember: this alone
Must be our proiect now; or Art hath none,
Hie therefore braue bird-brother, quickly take
Twixt your strong tallents this great flint, and make
Experience of my plot. Mount with it hie
And let it fall, that fire may from it flie:
Which kindled once, fan gently with your wing,
And cherish with soft breath: then let the king
Of fishes with his mighty nostrels puffe
Till it flames fiercely, and burnes hot enough.
This counsell they applaud; but th'*Eagle* thought
How purer, hotter flames might soone be sought:
And vp he nimbly fores the milke white way,
Where (being a minion knowne) he findes no stay;
Each dore flies ope alone, till to the eare
Of mighty *Ioue* he gets, and lets him heare
His businesse and his suite, which was for fier
And thunderbolts; *Ioue* grants to his desier.
Downe quickly he descends and makes a traine
About the place where this theefe doth remaine:
Then powder he applies vnto the root
Of th'ollow tree, and thence the slaue doth shoot.
He shoots him thence into the ayre as hye,
As th'Eagles selfe could follow with his eye.
And downe he comes and doth descend the deep,
Where the still Center doth no motion keep.
Then vp againe aboue the swelling maine,
He bounds, there floting without sense of paine.
And ere he can recouer laboring breath,
That's loth to part, the *Whale* from vnderneath

The

The traytor doth attach, and straight way brings
To be arrayned before the other Kings.
Him they examine, but he will confesse,
No truth but what they know as he doth ghesse.
Then they doe racke him (being rent before)
Yet he no truth, but many a lye doth rore.
Till with the violent torture and constraint,
Life almost failing, and with sufferings faint,
His gorge he vomits, and bewraies with paine
The truth, for which they fought so long in vaine.
And first (preposterously) he casteth out,
All slimy lubricke meats, *Eele*, *Gudgeon*, *Trout*;
The *Cuttle heyres*, *Guilt-head* and *Goldeneye*,
Belonging to the Sea-kings soueraignty.
And with this euidence conuict, the tryall
Proceeds to proue him in guilty in deniall
Of farther wrongs done. The *Wood-cocke*, *Parret*,
The *Goose*, the *Dotterell*, *Iack-daw* prone to barret,
The *Sea-gull* and the *Cuclos* weake and friendles,
And of poore widdow *Turtles* numbers endles,
With diuers subiects to the royall *Eagle*,
He doth as easily voide, as erst in eagle.
Yet still vnto the Lyon he denies
Himselfe a trespasser, but all those lyes
He lately made, and late was taken in,
Afford presumption of his farther sinne.
For which againe they racke him one pin higher,
And then he vtters more then they desire.
A foolish *Cony*, and an innocent *Lambe*,
A credulous *Calfe* new weaned from the dam,
And yet in wardship; a ridiculous *Mouse*
For feare of *Cats* leauing her sheltring house:

And

And last of all, (for which the *Lyon* greeued)
A *Hare*, from execution oft repreeued.
All these with easie vtterance, doth declare
That he did fowle, nor beast, nor fishes spare
But preide on all, and so became a pray
To the *Eagle*, *Whale*, and *Lyon*, euery way.
Which prou'de and made by demonstration plaine,
Beyond the power of impudence to faine:
He then excepts against th'vndue proceeding,
They in his apprehension vsde, not heeding
The law of Nations, but by force constraining
(Himselfe) an others subiect, remaining
In peace, and league with them, to be arrayned
Like to a Traytor, and with tortures payned.
He saith the place he kept in was without
Their iurisdiction, and he made no doubt
To prooue it with large priuiledges blessed
A sanctuarie for the poore distressed.

They slight his cauills; And the *Whale* demands,
In whose vnknowne, strange gouernment it stands
If not in one of theirs? For ayre, earth, sea,
And all they haue (but Man and what Mans be,)
Doe properly belong to one of these,
Who may dispose of all, as they best please.
I pray then (quoth the *Cormorant*) relate
To whose Emperiall crowne, and to whose state,
My enuy'd neast belongs? which of you three
Claime th'interest as Lord by right of fee?
For if it proper be to one, the rest
Haue done much wrong, t'vsurp his interest
Whose it should be. This question he did make
Hoping hereby their setled loues to shake

By

By couetous ambition, whilſt they all
Would make their claimes, and ſo aſunder fall.
But the foreſeeing *Eagle* bids him minde
His owne affaires, and not to thinke t'vnwinde
The ſnares true Iuſtice laies about his life,
By interpoſing ſuch ſlight cauſe of ſtrife
Betwixt ſuch firme frends, in ſtrong league combinde
And with all ſtrength of entercourſe entwinde.
And yet to ſatisfie this curious doubt,
Know (quoth the *Eagle*) that being hem'd about
With floting waters, it belongs to him
Who gouerns all that in the waters ſwim.
But as it on the ſtedfaſt earth doth ſtand,
It longs to him that is the king on land.
And the large tree which ſpreads his ſpacious bowes
In th'open ayre, within my kingdom growes.
Thy neaſt thus longs to all of vs, thy food
Stolne from our ſubiects, in th'ayre, earth, flood:
And thou thy ſelfe muſt needs, if thou beeſt either
Beaſt, bird, or fiſh, be one of ours; If neither,
Say what thou art, or whoſe thou art; for all
But Man and Monſters in this number fall.

Then (quoth the *Cormorant*) I do belong
Vnto the fearefull *Dragon*, whoſe blacke tongue
Threats death to each of you, and keeps in awe
Your humbler ſpirits, making his will your law.
He is the king of ſerpents, whoſe ſtrong breath
Confonnds your ſtrength with all-ſubduing death.
He rules the vpper region, purging fire
Which ſearcheth hell, and doth to heauen aſpire.
This, this alone it was which I obaid
When that ſtrong law vnto my neaſt you laid.

Draco maximus eſt cunctorũ ſerpentium à ſpeluncis abſtractus fertur in aërem.

But

Excitatur propter eum aër, & mare contra eí ventum cõtumescit. Isid. lib: 12. Solum habet venenum in lingua & in felle. Plin.

But you that ſprightly power by intruſion
Falſely vſurpt to my deuout confuſion.
Fire onely to the *Dragon* doth belong;
To him, and vnto me, you haue done wrong.
To him I doe appeale; and haue reſort
In this great cauſe to his infallible Court.
This ſpeech inflam'd their hearts with heat & ſcorne
To be confronted thus, thus outborne
By a baſe villaine who did proudly brag on
The free protection of their foe the *Dragon*.
So with a full reſolue, they all agree
Each for himſelfe and his reueng'd to bee.
The *Lyon* takes, feet, head and throat away;
With thoſe he walk't and like an *Aſſe* did bray.
The *Eagle* ſeaſeth on his wings and taile,
With theſe he bird-like in the ayre did ſaile.
The *Whale* his body ſwallowes at a bit
Which he vſde fiſh-like, diu'd and ſwam with it.
Thus Trayton-like hee's quartered out and carued;
Would land and water Pyrats were ſo ſerued.

Epimythium.

The water Pyrat euery one doth know
They rob our Marchants, and allegeance owe
To no command; duty to none will giue,
But outlawes, like the ſea wherein they liue.
Our Pyrats on the land, haue ſundry kinds,
And ſundry obiects. Our goods, bodies, minds.
Law-ſtate-Church Pyrats, when no Church, ſtate, law,
Can their irregular liues to faſhion draw.

The

The firſt pretending gouernment of all, 1
And freeing ſuch as into danger fall;
Doe kill in curing, and oppreſſe with eaſing
Both the delinquent, and the free diſpleaſing.
The ſecond guard our land from forraigne force, 2
Whilſt they themſelues (perhaps) afflict vs worſe.
Strangers may not deuoure vs, yet we are
By peace eat vp, more then we wont by warre.
The third are of two kinds; our owne and others, 3
Who not in doctrine, but in fact are brothers.
Our own feed few (for the dumb dog ſtill lurches) 1
They'le not teach one, but ſwallow many Churches.
They vnto ignorance our ſoules betray,
And to ſeducing deuills giue ſilent way. (iects,
The other knowes no king, but knowes their ſub-
And faines to reconcile, but makes them abiects. 2
No place is priuiledg'd, no law, no Nation.
For all the world his Pariſh is and ſtation.
Rome giues him licence, and although he ſwim
In the whole ſea, there is no roome for him.
He cries where ſ'ere he comes; Al's mine, giue room;
And if he be oppoſ'de a fatall doom
Becomes his vſher. Kings muſt kiſſe his foot,
If curſes, piſtolds, poyſon, hell can doo't.
But if nor theſe, nor hell then *Faux* more skilfull
Will charme the open earde, blow vp the wilfull.
Theſe *Cormorants* my bleare-eyde Muſe hath ſpide.
But there are many *Cormorants* beſide.

If any Man ſeeke a true body for this ſhadow, let him read *Commines* his fourth booke; where he ſhall ſee *Lewis* of *Luxenburgh* Earle of St Paul & Conſtable of

of France, playing the right part of *Onocrotalus* with *Lewes* the XI. King of France (shadowed by the *Eagle*, because he ouer-sored the other Princes in wisedome and policie, and becauſe that kingdome hath been honored with the Emperiall crowne and armes) As also with the King of England *Edward* the fourth shadowed by the *Lyon* (both in regard the *Lyon* is part of the Armes of England, and for that the said King was a most valiant Prince, having been personally present in nine set battailes, and remayning Conqueror in all.) And lastly with *Charles* Duke of Burgundy, shadowed by the *Whale* (both in regard he was strong by Sea, as also for that he was terrible and cumbersom to all his neighbour Princes.) If any seeke farther they seeke without mee, and must be their owne guides.

The ASSE.

The ASSE.

DEDICATED TO THE LEARNED and iudicious KNIGHT, Sr Hamond Le-Strange.

SOme beasts are ominous, some birds are so,
But Massolanus *and your Selfe say no.*
Hee slew the Augurs bird; My silly Asse
May to a wise man without perill passe.

Pol. Virg. lib. 3. c. 18 de Inuentore.

ALthough in *Italy*, in *France*, and *Spaine*,
And all those hotter *Regions*, there remaine
Great store of *Asses*; and with vs but few;
Saue some that our late Trauellers do shew:
And though the Pope, and Romane Clergy ride
In very lowly, patient, humble pride
Vpon these beasts, or on their bastards rather;
As fits each single, simple, holy father.

Asinus est animal maximè frigoris impatiens Plin. lib. 8. cap: 4.

I would not haue you thinke my meaning ſuch
A beaſt of theirs or of our owne to touch.
The *Aſſe* I talke of, bred in *Theſſaly*
Came to a country man, a neighbour by
And made great mone, that euery ſauage beaſt
In woods and fields, the greateſt and the leaſt
Miſuſde him, wrongde him, made it all their ſport
To trouble him, who had no remedy for't.
The Man ſeemde pittifull, enclinde to good,
And gaue the *Aſſe* aduice to leaue the wood,
To dwell with him who able was and ſtrong,
His weake Retainers to protect from wrong.
True (quoth the *Aſſe*) your wit, your ſtrength I know,
But how can I deſerue the grace you ſhow?
What benefit or pleaſure whilſt I liue
Can I doe you, who muſt my liuelyhood giue?
Quoth Man, for my protection, and my meat
You ſhall afford me but your dung and ſweat,
Thoſe excrements t'inrich and luſt my ground,
That it with corne and vintage may abound.
And when I chance to trauell farre and nie,
You like a friend, ſhall beare me companie.
The *Aſſe* was glad the couenants were ſo good,
And ſtraight agrees, nor long conſulting ſtood.
The articles were drawne, read openly,
Sealed and deliuered interchangeably.
And home they goe, and long togither dwelt
Without repentance; neither greeuance felt.
But Man in innocence remain'd not long,
And ſince is apt to doe all innocence wrong.
Sure here it fell ſo. The craftie Man
Who ſay and vnſay, lie, and cauill can,

Went to the *Asse*, and (all inrag'd) demands
Why all that while he had not dung'd his lands?
Sir (quoth the *Asse*) such compatie as I yield
I haue with daily care laid in your field.
True (quoth the Man) but that will not suffice
To dung my ground, that plenty may arise;
Yet so you vndertooke. Then out of hand
See you prouide enough to serue my land.
And yeeld what you keep backe good store of sweat
Or Ile giue store of blowes, but not of meat.
The *Asse* finds he is wrong'd, but sees not how
To right himselfe; weake men to stronger bow.
He does what Man commands, and rather more
Till Man grows rich, and so growes proud, with store.
Then Man must trauaile, must his kinsfolks see
And other countries how they fashion'd be.
The *Asse* must goe with him, so 'twas agreed
To beare him company. Well mote they speed.
The Man a saddle sets vpon his backe,
A halter on his head, which wit doth lacke.
What meane you Master (quoth the simple Asse)
These will but make me weary as I passe?
Foole (quoth the Man) thinke you Ile haue my Page,
Not suited to the fashions of this age?
I should be sham'd to see you neere me stand,
Without a cloake, and bout your neck a band.
Proud was the silly *Asse*, to heare he stood
So high in fauour, and doth onward skud
With willing pace, not like a sleepy snaile,
But tossing of his eares, wincing his taile.
Long trauailde they, till to a brooke they came,
Wherein a many siluer fishes swam.

Tria verò cùm sint opus, cibus, & castigatio, &c. Arist. Oeconomic. lib. cap. 5.

A bridge was neere, but Man withheld his eye,
And would not see the bridge, some reason why.
The *Asse* went through the water: quoth he then,
All beasts are happier far then we poore Men.
You are by nature safely cloth'd, and armde,
Gainst cold, heat, drought, and wet; we easly harmde
With any small annoyance. You are free,
And gainst all these extreames must patient be.
The *Asse* being prais'd, vpon no ground stood still,
But must turne backe againe to shew his skill.
To boast his valour, let his Master know
All his good parts, and seruices arow.
Now sir, quoth he, you on my backe ile beare,
Safe ore this water. Get vp, nothing feare.
The Man leapt lightly vp. Dissimulation
Doth neither stirrup need, nor great perswasion.
The *Asse* doth quickly passe the Riuer. Than
He staies, and praies him light. No, (saith the Man)
Proceed vpon your iourney you can beare,
I dare not light, to fall I stand in feare.
Ile kneele then (quod the *Asse*) and downe he kneels,
The Man straight raisde him with his whip and heels.
O Master (quoth the *Asse*) you promisde meat,
Your couenant giues no liberty to beat.
Foole (quoth the Man) the word expresly meant
Wages for worke, implies a punishment
For sluggishnes and sloth; Make haste away,
Our buisnes and the time permits no stay.
So on they goe, till th' *Asse* now almost tyred,
Askt pitty of the Man, and ease desired,
That he would daigne a little while to light.
The Man denide it, and then laught outright.

And

And doubled blowes with whip, with heele, & ſtaffe.
O tyrant (quoth the *Aſſe*) doſt fight and laugh?
Are theſe th'effects of promiſes and words?
Is this the peace your law, bond, faith, affords?
Keep you your couenants thus? O man thinke how
You make vs traytors, when you breake your vow.
Why (quoth the Man) my couenants are vnbroke,
I haue performde whatſere I wrote or ſpoke.
I giue you meat, my meaning likewiſe was,
To giue you blowes, if that you plaide the *Aſſe*.
I was to haue your excrements and ſweat,
I cannot haue thoſe but by worke and heat.
Therefore I ride you. You were to attend
In all my iourneyes on me like a frend.
And what is liker to a friend I pray,
Then a mans drudge, that toyles both night and day?
That carries him through thicke and thin with paine,
And a ſure ſtudd for all turnes doth remaine?
O (quoth the *Aſſe*) the world was neuer good,
Since othes on mentall reſeruation ſtood.
I only was to beare you companie,
True (quoth the Man) to beare, that's carry me.
O damn'd equiuocation, who at firſt,
(Quoth the poore *Aſſe*) this double doctrine nurſt?
No Merchant, Tradeſman, Lawyer, nor Diuine,
Though much frō truth they warp, frō grace decline,
Could be the authors of this ample euill,
But truths profeſſed foe, that iugling deuill.
That Deuill who taught it firſt, and practiz'd too,
In Paradiſe, vnto our generall woe.
That Deuill which doth reuue in euery age,
By this alone his kingdome and image.

Verberās abſque ira peior eſt; verberāte cum ira. Com. in Ariſt. l. 6. Metaph.

You ſhal be as Gods knowing good and euil.

A bridge was neere, but Man withheld his eye,
And would not see the bridge, some reason why.
The *Asse* went through the water: quoth he then,
All beasts are happier far then we poore Men.
You are by nature safely cloth'd, and armde,
Gainst cold, heat, drought, and wet; we easly harmde
With any small annoyance. You are free,
And gainst all these extreames must patient be.
The *Asse* being prais'd, vpon no ground stood still,
But must turne backe againe to shew his skill.
To boast his valour, let his Master know
All his good parts, and seruices arow.
Now sir, quoth he, you on my backe ile beare,
Safe ore this water. Get vp, nothing feare.
The Man leapt lightly vp. Dissimulation
"Doth neither stirrup need, nor great perswasion.
The *Asse* doth quickly passe the Riuer. Than
He stayes, and praies him light. No, (saith the Man)
Proceed vpon your iourney you can beare,
I dare not light, to fall I stand in feare.
Ile kneele then (quod the *Asse*) and downe he kneels,
The Man straight raisde him with his whip and heels.
O Master (quoth the *Asse*) you promisde meat,
Your couenant giues no liberty to beat.
Foole (quoth the Man) the word expresly meant
Wages for worke, implies a punishment
For sluggishnes and sloth; Make haste away,
Our buisnes and the time permits no stay.
So on they goe, till th' *Asse* now almost tyred,
Askt pitty of the Man, and ease desired,
That he would daigne a little while to light.
The Man denide it, and then laught outright.

And

And doubled blowes with whip, with heele, & ſtaffe,
O tyrant (quoth the *Aſſe*) doſt fight and laugh?
Are theſe th'effects of promiſes and words?
Is this the peace your law, bond, faith, affords?
Keep you your couenants thus? O man thinke how
You make vs traytors, when you breake your vow.
Why (quoth the Man) my couenants are vnbroke,
I haue performde whatſere I wrote or ſpoke.
I giue you meat, my meaning likewiſe was,
To giue you blowes, if that you plaide the *Aſſe*.
I was to haue your excrements and ſweat,
I cannot haue thoſe but by worke and heat.
Therefore I ride you. You were to attend
In all my iourneyes on me like a frend.
And what is liker to a friend I pray,
Then a mans drudge, that toyles both night and day?
That carries him through thicke and thin with paine,
And a ſure ſtudd for all turnes doth remaine?
O (quoth the *Aſſe*) the world was neuer good,
Since othes on mentall reſeruation ſtood.
I only was to beare you companie,
True (quoth the Man) to beare, that's carry me.
O damn'd equiuocation, who at firſt,
(Quoth the poore *Aſſe*) this double doctrine nurſt?
No Merchant, Tradeſman, Lawyer, nor Diuine,
Though much frō truth they warp, frō grace decline,
Could be the authors of this ample euill,
But truths profeſſed foe, that iugling deuill,
That Deuill who taught it firſt, and practiz'd too,
In Paradiſe, vnto our generall woe.
That Deuill which doth renue in euery age,
By this alone his kingdome and image.

Verberās abſque ira peior eſt: verberāte cum ira. Com. in Ariſt: l. 6. Metaph.

You ſhal be as Gods knowing good and euil.

For without this his kingdom would decay,
And without this his image weare away.
This only murthers truth, oppoſeth faith,
Deceiuing, whether true or falſe it ſaith.
If true we dare not truſt it fearing ill,
If falſe, like truth it looks, and tempt vs will.
Quoth Man, thou preacheſt well, & well mighſt paſſe
Couldſt thou ſpeake Latin too, to ſay a Maſſe.
Thy folly was in fault raſhly to draw,
Thy articles without aduiſe at law.
This is a common geſt.
There wanted ſtops, pricks, letters, here and there,
And by your leaue ſome words the truth to cleere.
Nay quoth the *Aſſe*, had euery word, ſtop, letter,
Been left vnwritten my eſtate were better.
This is the plague, when power expoundeth lawes
Not as the truth requires, but as the cauſe.
When euery letter may an error breed,
To help the rich, and beggar ſuch as need.
When tyrants do capitulate and treat
Not to conclude, but to deceiue and cheat.
When your falſe minds are candi'de ore with words
As your gay ſheathes conceale your bloody ſwords.
Now (quoth the Man) I thinke that *Balaams* Aſſe,
Or golden *Apuly's*, thy Tutor was.
Thou art ſo eloquent, ſo learned, witty,
As if thou hadſt been taught in *Athens* Citty.
In *Athens?* (quoth the *Aſſe*) now I eſpie,
You ſpeake no truth, but when yee thinke to lie.
I was a Cockny once, of noble blood,
Trainde vp in *Athens* Court, and in the flood
Of pleaſure, bath'de my youth, (but not in Art,)
Which cauſde this tranſformation, teares, and ſmart

Yet went out Maſter, and was well allowde.
(With many of my kin) in that thicke crowde,
When *Philip* did ſo learnedly diſpute,
And made *Demoſthenes* with wonder mute.
I was in fauour then, and then did paſſe,
For braue and wiſe, though now I be an *Aſſe*.
For no Man ought to iudge by forme, or face,
By fauour, or imployment, or by place,
Which are the wiſe and fooliſh. Dunces oft
" Paſſe by great Doctors Baboons leap aloft.
And they may proue like me, (liue to be ſwitcht,)
If they my fortune meet, to be bewitcht.
How I bewitched was, you now ſhall heare.

There is no true accompliſht Cauelere,
That hath not trauailde. And ther's few of theſe,
Which ſcape bewitching, paſſing ouer Seas.
When I firſt trauail'd, my braue Spirit did moue,
T'attempt great Ladies, and to purchace loue.
I purcha'ſt loue ſo long, till all I had,
Was purcha'ſt from me, and my ſelfe full glad,
To leaue both Court and Citty, and to try,
A better Country fortune to eſpy.
With much much toyle, and many courtly ſhifts,
At length I did arriue mongſt craggy clifts,
And barraine rocks; t'a ſmoaky houſe which ſtood
Alone, beſides a fearefull deſart wood.
There with a wither'd witch I long time ſtaid,
A Beldame that had been *Medeaes* maid.
She turn'd me to an *Aſſe* that very day;
Th'Odcombian wit, did odly ſcape away.
He may his good ſhooes praiſe, pray for his heeles,
By thoſe he ſcap't. And yet I feare he feeles,

His braine was turning, if he euer paſſe
That way againe, he will turne perfect *Aſſe*.
And ſo will many more as well as I,
Except they ſtop their eares, as they paſſe by.
Now (quoth the Man) this is a pretty fable,
Fitting the end, ſo neere vnto the ſtable.
Ile now alight, we two are perfect friends,
My iourney and thy tale together ends.
So they went in to reſt, but euer ſince,
The Man mounts on the *Aſſe*, although he wince.
There is no remedy, he muſt obay,
That's ſadled, bridelld, and bound euery way.
He might haue look'd before he made his match:
Now ti's too late, when time is paſt to watch.
Yet euer ſince he letters hates and learning,
When the's no fault in them, but his diſcerning.
He ſhunneth water too, all that he can,
The cauſe which made him firſt a ſlaue to Man.

Aquas tranſire & pedes ita eis hgere noluerunt hor. Arift. 5. de Animal.

Epimythium.

We muſt learne from hence theſe leſſons:

Eccleſi. 13. 1 Firſt to beware with whom wee deale: for if hee be ſtronger either in perſon, or by friends, wee ſhall become his prey: if hee be richer, his gold will weigh downe our ſiluer: if he be more eloquent, his lies will be beleiued before our truths: if he be the Iudge, he will giue ſentence according to his honour,

or

or at leaſt according to his owne profit. This is ſeene by generall experience, and eſpecially in that man of ſinne, who pretends to be Iudge of all controuerſies, and expounder of all doubts; determines the darkeſt things to be cleere in his owne behalfe; and the moſt cleere and pregnant proofes brought againſt him, to be darke and obſcure.

2. Secondly, we muſt beware of whom wee take counſell; they may be our enemies to morrow, that are our friends to day; we often ſhew our euidences to ſuch, who for a larger fee giuen by our aduerſaries, know how to betray vs, and open a gap for the ouerthrow of our cauſe.

3. Thirdly, to whom we flee for protection from wrongs, leſt ſhunning the *Buzzard*, wee become a prey of the *Sparhauke*. Many poore men are ſwallowed in this pit-fall: we make lawes to tye our owne wings. So much of euery act is taken as will ſerue for lime-twigs to take vs; the reſt which ſhould reforme, lies vſeleſſe. We receiue ſtrength into a towne, which being once in poſſeſſion, hold for themſelues, and plague vs worſe then the enemies would haue done. So the *Brittaines* (our fellowes) call'd in the *Saxons* (our fathers) and all hiſtories are full of like examples. *Weſel* might the laſt yeere haue looked into this glaſſe, now it is too late. The hand which holdes it, hath practiſed the Falconers firſt prouerbe in many places before. It knowes how to holde faſt: and knowes no other honour, but profit. But *Calis* was wiſer, who would rather yeeld it ſelfe to the *Archduke*, then

then expect profferd deliuerance by vs. The *French* durſt not let vs haue footing againe in *France*, we had taught them too well before how hardly wee are intreated to let go our hold in ſo good a Countrey. Let this then teach vs to beware.

4. Fourthly, let vs take heed to whom we giue, and what we giue. A talent is too much for a *Cynicke* to receiue; a groat too little for a King to giue: diſcretion muſt guide liberalitie. Many bounties haue miſcarried, and beene loſt, vndoing both the giuer and receiuer, whil'ſt they were not proportioned according to the worth and reſpect of both parties. Our age may looke in this glaſſe. Who giues ſome the firſt peny, giues him earneſt mony to beg ſtill, encouraging rather then releiuing. Giue ſuch the whip. We often giue preſents to our betters, and they expect the cuſtome ſtill: power demands that of duty, which was firſt graunted by way of beneuolence.

Laſtly, let vs beware what we receiue from others, and what we put on. It may be a ſaddle, which wee thinke an ornament, and a bridle which we thinke a grace. Diuers forraigne ouertures ſhew this, and at home the inueſtitures of *Ireland*, made by the *Pope* to *Henry* the ſecond, whereby that Sea challengeth right in *Ireland*. All other titles and prerogatiues which come from thence, are of this nature, and were ſent to this end, to be witneſſes of their intereſt. Doubtleſſe the Diuell pretends thus to bee author of our knowledge; & ſaith but for him we had neuer known good and euill aſunder. Our lawes and priuiledges written in the *Normane* tongue are euidences to prooue our ſubiection to *William* of *Normandy*; as

Camden, Hiſt. Antiq. Irel.

Gen. 3.5.

the

the vniuersall speech of the Latine proued the worlds slauery to *Rome*, though none were thought free men, and braue fellowes, but such slaues as spake that tongue; the rest *Barbarians*. Merchants will trust vs to drawe vs into their bookes; they bridle and saddle vs with gay clothes, (like foot-clothes to *Asses*;) then they girt vs vp sure, and mount our backs, whil'st we can walke free in no ground, not in the streetes. Our stable is the Counter, where we are made right *Asses*: Hither many Courtly Gallants make hast to come, and to stand at liuery in the

HOLE.

CVRIALE.

CVRIALE.

DEDICATED TO the good acceptance of *Master* FLOYDE, *Admirall* to the *Queenes Maiestie*, and of her Councell.

THe Court from flies and fleas you cannot free,
Whilst such sweet meates, good fires, soft beds there be:
Yet guard your eies and eares well, for we know,
Princes both heare and see by such as you.

THe *Flie* and *Flea* hauing in Court got place,
Saw all such Courtiers as were chiefe in grace,
Still present with the King: how in his eare
For being busie, some rewarded were:
Others they saw get wealth with standing nie:
But none did thriue that were not in his eye.
They thought since these alone grew rich and braue,
They would as nimbly too themselues behaue.

That

That they were blacke could be no hindrance thought,
For many black gowns there preferment ſought.
But their ambition reacht t'ingroſſe all grace,
And ſhoulder others from ſo wiſht a place.
And thus reſolu'd, the *Flea* leapes vp aloft,
And in the Kings eare fals with footing ſoft.
The fooliſh *Flie* did mount with ſpeedy wing
Betwixt the Eye-lids of th'amazed King;
Who with his nimble hand did apprehend
The ruſticke Courtiers, and their hopes ſoon end.
Quoth he, Ye ſaucy Traytors, Dare ye thus
Preſume our preſence neuer cald by vs?
Or being come, Is there no other place
In all our Court to pleaſe you, but our face?
And in our face no roome can you eſpie,
But our reſerued eare? our tender eye?
In all my kingdomes you might freely range,
And varied pleaſures euery minute change
Without my perturbation: only here
Your boldneſſe you ſhall both with life buy deare.
And though the *Eagle* takes no *Fleas* nor *Flies*,
Yet for preſumption both by th'*Eagle* dies.

Epimythium.

THis tels inferiours that they muſt not aſpire too high, nor preſume too farre. All perſons are not fit for all places: fooles miſtake, and ouer doe; wiſemen warme themſelues at the fire, where children burne their fingers: many ſeeking to be in grace, diſgrace themſelues. None was thought fitter to bee Emperour then *Galba*, till being made Emperour he

Principatus virum oſtendit. Ariſt. l. 5. Metaphyſic.

Tacit. Hiſt. lib. 1. cap. 7.

he prooued himselfe vnfit. Our age hath seene many of these *Babels*, whose ruines seeme greater farre off then at hand. In a darke night each *Meteor*, each *Ignis fatuus* seemes a Sunne; but in the day, comming neere the Sunne, they cannot be seene. There bee many of these, who if they had not attained preferment, would haue thought themselues wronged, and the world would haue thought them vnfortunate; as if enuie had creft honour from beholding them with equiualence: when now hauing attained what their ambitions desired, they see their owne insufficiencies, and the world iudging them, vnworthy of such eminence, say they serue for nothing but to keepe out better Men. Their high flight rather helpt by the winds strength, (by fauour and grace) then by their owne wings (vertue and true worth,) serues onely to shew the world its owne blindnesse, and their weakenesse; for being aloft in the top and pride of their pitch, they make many plaines, and dare not come freely at all occasions; but they soone stoop to the lure or the dead quarry, hauing good stomackes, but bad hearts; what they speake, what they doe, is not out of their owne strength and sufficiency, but from others direction. They are French souldiers and Statesmen; their horses, their seruants must be knighted, for these did the seruice; It was not the Rider, his care was only to keepe the saddle warme and to sit sure.

Againe, it tells Superiours that the poorest and most despised creatures may annoy them. Lice pre-
Exod. 8. 17. sume into *Pharaos* bed-chamber, in spite of the Guard, the Vshers, the Pensioners, the Squires of the body,

body, the Gentlemen, and the Groomes; where none durſt come before but Minions and fauorits. Wormes craule into *Herods* wombe, euen then when his flatterers and all the people crie out, *vox Dei & non hominis*. He ſpake well but he did nothing: he vſed his eloquence and learning to his owne glory not to Gods: God therefore ſhew'd him that hee was a worme and no man, who a little before did both in place and voice ſhew himſelfe like a god. A flie skips into Pope *Alexanders* cup and into his throate and kils him, who a little before chalenged to haue the keyes of life and death in his owne hands, and with his cup of abominations poyſond not only the poore flies (the ſubiects) but the *Eagles* (the kings) of the earth. Deſpiſe not therefore little ones. Remember how *Siſera* and *Abimelech* fell by the hand of women. And *Sigebert* king of the Weſtſaxons was ſlaine by a ſwineheard of *Combranus*, euen in that place where *Sigebert* had ſlaine *Combranus* before, for the good and wholeſome counſell hee gaue the vnthankefull King.

Act. 12. 23.

Pſal. 81. 6.

Reu. 17. 2.

Iudg. cap. 4. 17. & 9. 53.

Graſton.

Solarium

SOLARIVM.

Dedicated

To the absolute and open enemies *of Ignorance and Darkneſſe, and the* true Louers and Followers of Light and *Knowledge*, Sir IOHN CROFTS, and his happie LADY.

THe Clock that chimde your praiſe, went right, for ſtill
The Diall rulde his tongue, the Sunne his Will.
And as theſe led him right, you follow may,
To heauenly glory, through the Milk-white-way.

IN ſome part of the World, I know not where,
But ſure *Sir Thomas* MANDEVILE was there,
Betwixt a Clocke and a Sunne-dyall fell
A difference which I with ſorrow tell.
With ſorrow, for this error calls to minde
Th'vncertainty, whi ch we in Story finde;

Where

Where computations crosse, and make vs doubt
Of what we all seeke, cannot one finde out.
How to agree, and reconcile th'obscure;
The fabulous, and certaine *Age* of oure.
The Age obscure, is that before the Floud:
The Fabulous, on fained Wonders stood
The race of gods, in golden Legends told,
Where for sad truths, mad fictions were enrold.
This latter age more plaine and cleere, we call
The certaine Age, or th' Age *Historicall*.
Yet howres, and daies, and yeares haue sure been lost,
In some of these, which our accounts haue crost.
And so they easily might, when from the Sunne
To lying Clocks for our accounts we runne.

This tale makes all apparant, or at least,
Makes probable, what some haue thought a iest.
Within a Churchyard once a Diall stood
Vpon a square hewne Marble, which the Flood
In vaine with enuious waues had often sought
To spoile, when it the whole world vnder brought.
But *Seth's* wise sonnes had fastned it so sure,
It could all stormes, and Presse of times endure.
And thereon they had caru'd the Art, and lore
They learned of their Grandsire long before.

Vpon a *Church* or steeples sideneere hand
A goodly Clocke of curious worke did stand;
Which ouer payside with lead or out of frame,
Did time miscall, and euery hower misname.
The *Diall* hearing this, aloude gan crye
Kinde neighbour Clock your glib tongue tells a lye.
Reforme your error, for my *Gnomon* saith
You gad too fast, and misse an howers faith.

Cambden in his Bri- Alluding to the ages of the Church.
1. the Primitiue, by reason of outward persecution, being obscure.
2. The second vnder the Spirituall persecution of Antichrist, being fabulous.
3. The third being our Age, wher Controuersies are tried by the cleere Sun-shine of Gods Word, & so certaine and Historicall.
Polyd. Virg. Rer Inuen. Cap. 14. lib. 1.

Foole (quoth the Clock) reforme thy ſelfe by me,
The fault may rather in thy *Gnomon* be.
Had'ſt thou tould euer truth, to what end then
Was I plac'de here, by th'art of cunning Men?
The weather Cocke vpon the ſteeple ſtanding
And with his ſharpe eye all about commanding,
Heard their contention, wil'd them to appeale
To him the Cheefe of all that Commonweale.
Told them that he was ſet to *Ouerſee*
And to appeaſe, to guide and to agree
All diff'rence in that place; and whatſoe're
He ſetteth downe from *Iuſtice* cannot erre.
For from the winde he information takes
Which ſearcheth through the world, & ſwiftly makes
A true ſuruay of euery proofe and cauſe,
And doth of *Reaſon* know the ground, and lawes.
He bids them boldly ſpeake, and bring their pleas,
And hee'le define th'infallible truth with eaſe.
The *Dial* then beginnes. The globe-like world
From Center to Circumference being whorl'd
In neuer-reſting motion, maketh time
In ſundry reuolutions fall and clime.
This Time the meaſure of all mutable things
Comes with lead-heeles, flies hence with fiery wings,
Sleepes with two eyes, hath two eyes euer waking,
Twixt minuts, hours, daies, nights, diſtinction making
And though the difference and degrees of change
In ſeuerall yeares, be wonderfull and ſtrange;
Some by the Monne, ſome reckoning by the Sun,
And ſome the great year, when th'heauens hauing run
Their compleat courſe, doe to that point arriue
Whence the firſt mouer, them did motion giue;

Yet

Motus præcedit tempus naturaliter, & Tempus conſequitur motũ. Ariſt. Phiſic. lib. 4. Cauſatur autẽ motus primo & principaliter à circumuolutione Cœli. Ariſt. Motus eſt tranſitus à toto ad totum. Tempus eſt rerum mutabilium menſura. Ariſt.

Yet the moſt generall certaine count of all
Is meaſur'd by the Sunne, whoſe riſe and fall
Makes day, and night, and noone, and midnight too,
Spring, Summer, Winter, Autumne, and the two
Solſticiums, *Equinoctials*, and the houres
Now naked, and then deck't in gaudy flowers.
This *Adam* to his *Grandſons* hauing told,
With other Arts, and wonders manifold;
How all the world both fire and flood ſhould try;
They plac't me heere, to tell poſterity
Such hidden myſteries; And to direct
The wiſer *Soules* deepe-diuing intellect.
About me they haue graued ſeauen liberall Arts,
The *Sciences*, with their diuiner parts,
A circle, and a *Gnoman*, ſet aboue
With Characters; which as the Sunne doth moue
In his aſcent, or low declenſion, tells
The certaine houre, degree, and all things elſe.
But for my ſpeech was ſlow, and cauſe the Sunne
Did often vnder clouds for pleaſure runne;
Succeeding ages did this *Clocke* out finde
T'attend on me, and to declare my minde;
From me intelligence and rules to gather
To meaſure night, cloſe ſtormes, and cloudy weather:
And in the Morne, finding his reckoning wrong,
By my ſtraight rule, to tune and ſet his ſong.
But this forgetfull Clocke at randome ſtrikes;
Not as I bid, but fondly what it likes:
Robs ſhort-liu'de Man of his moſt pretious time;
And orderleſſe, doth others orders chime.
It will not follow me, but wanting wit,
Would haue the *Sunne* and *Me* to waite on it.

Vigilat tempus cùm dor mire vide tur. Dum que vigi lat ſimul dormire Idemque cum ſultic volat; & cum vo lat, conſiſtit. Vince Chartari us. Sunt annorum diuerſa genera.
1. Annus lunaris.
2. Annus Solaris.
3. Annus Magnus.

Perſecuti ons are like clouds & ſtorms, which be night the Goſpell. The Mor ning is de liorance from error.

This matter ſo apparant, though I might
Wild *Weather-Cocke*, except againſt your right
To iudge, and thinke you partiall at the leaſt,
Since you o're-cloude me when the Sun comes Weſt,
And will take part with it, that's in the name,
In nature, and in ſite, almoſt the ſame
With you; yet know I'le not refuſe
Thy cenſure, but high place with honour vſe.
Thus did the *Diall* end, and then the *Clock*
Low-louting to the prowder Weather *Cock*,
Began his plea. Thou mighty Soueraigne
Which doeſt the vniuerſall Iudge remaine
In all thoſe places, where thy pearcing eye
Can ſee, or my ſhrill voice be heard to crye.
Behold this impudent, poore, neglected poſt
How it gainſt me, and gainſt thy ſtate doth boſt
Embaſing thy great worth, neglecting mine;
As if the glorious Sunne did neuer ſhine,
Nor his ſweete influence on vs let fall,
But that the Dial had ingroſt vp all.
When all the world knowes Thou wer't placed there
the ſleepy *Hinde* vp to his worke to reare,
To call the *Scholer* to his booke, and wake
The *Theife* which at thy ſhrill voice gins to ſhake.
Thou art the cheerefull daies *Embaſſader*,
In whoſe praiſe once theſe lines compoſed were.

A crowned King, a compleat Knight,
An armed Captaine, fit to fight,
A plumed Courtier, fairely clad,
A Louer that was neuer ſad.
A Trumpeter, the houſe-wifes Mate,
Who riſeth early, ſleepeth late,

A

A Queriſter, the poore mans Clocke,
All this is our great weather-Cocke.

This ſacred *Antheme* all the world doth ſing
To thee the Suns bird, who doth tidings bring,
Of his approch and riſing: as for me
I heere was ſeated, next thee in degree
To giue thee eaſe, to tell the wondring people
What thou diſcouer'ſt from that lofty ſteeple,
The whil'ſt thou keep'ſt thy voice for *Iubiles*,
And art for ſilence honour'd with large fees.
The *Dial* is my ward, firſt placed there
That Common *Perſons* who preſume not neere
Thy hallow'd throne, may haue intelligence
And learne from me the cloſe and hidden ſenſe
Of all thoſe Characters, and not expound
As liſt themſelues, darke riddles, ſo profound:
Nor contradict, nor yet correct by force,
According to the *Gnomon*, my true courſe;
But the falſe Gnomon rather to correct
By my aduice, whoſe way is ſtill direct.
Who knowes not, that the Sun in his round race,
Many degrees is gone from his firſt place,
And like a drunkard reeling to and fro,
With giddy ſteps doth ſhift his circle ſo,
That where he was euen now, he comes no more,
His courſe is all confuſde, behind's before?
Needs muſt the *Dial* then deceiued be,
Which truſts a Guide that doth ſo diſagree
Within it ſelfe, and without iudgement ſhines
Alike on all, making of fooles Diuines.
And teaching Fiſhermen to ſee as farre,
As learned Shepheards, without other ſtarre.

Too common in this Guide, to guide aright;
Or if he could, where is the Guide for night?
I then am present still at euery neede
Poore erring man, in ignorant night to leede.
Then why should this bold *Dial*, dare to speake
Against my greatnesse, or the orders breake
Of custome and consent? since all make choice
To feede, fast, pray, or play, led by my voice?
And that all bargaines made, all wagers laide,
Not by the *Dial* but the *Clocke* are paide?
Which truth, whilst all the world dare neuer dout,
This *Dial* seemes to question and (growne stout)
Excepts against thy iudgement too, that thus
He might be free and seeme to gouerne vs.
But since our causes are so neere of kinne,
Let that respect some grace and fauour winne
With thy high Holinesse, that thou maist see
To giue iust sentence for your selfe and me.
The weather-Cocke thrice turn'd himselfe about,
As taking care to winde the matter out,
And thrice returnd, as if he were as free
From preiudice, as from integritie.
Then thrice he claps his wings (which corage showes)
And thrice aloude his sensselesse sentence crowes.
To giue a reason, wherefore, how, and what,
When, where, by whom, or fondly this or that,
Might argue reference to higher power;
But what is he whose place doth equall our?
We are the rule of reason, truths cleare law.
Heare then with reuerenee, and obay with awe.
Without more question, argument, or triall,
The iudgement I pronounce against the *Dial*.

The

The *Dial* ſhall be guided by the *Clock*.
This is the ſentence of the weather-*Cock*.
Which when the *Clock* had heard, (puft vp with pride)
He ginnes the wronged *Dial* to deride;
And ſets his tongue at large, too much, too ſoone;
Twelu times he fetch'd his breth, & laugh'd out none.
The *Dial* then with indignation moued
By this inuectiue ſpeech their fault reproued.
Poore ſilly *Clock* (quoth he (reioyce thy fill,
Time will reforme thy ignorant zeale with skill,
Stay thy diſtemperd courſe, which hurried now,
By mad-braind humor, goes it knowes not how.
Time that's my pupill, ſhall thy Tutor be,
And teach a difference twixt thy ſelfe and me
Then thou wilt know thy error, and recant
That euer thou wert proud of ſo much want.
But as for thee (thou iudge corrupt and baſe,
Who bindſt all knowledge Prentiſe to thy place)
Know this, th'all-ſeeing Sunne thy folly knowes,
And to each vulgar eye thy ſhaddow ſhowes
That they may plainly ſee how poore thou art
Thy head deform'd, defectiue euery part.
And that thoſe high prerogatiues of ſtate
You challenge proper to your ſelfe; are late
Vpſtart intruſions, vſurpations new
Forg'd by the force or flattery of ſome few.
The promiſe which you boaſt, to haue the winde
Blow where you liſt, and alter when you minde,
Is falſe, and fooliſh; but 'twas promiſde ſtill
To blow and guide you right, if that you will.
And ſo it doth, ſo it doth others too,
If they conſent, not whether they will or no.

For when they would the point and quarter know
Where it doth breath, on me they looke; I show
The truth to them and thee, if you looke right,
If not, you erre misled by your owne sight.
But how can'st thou others from error keepe
When as thy selfe foulded in error deepe,
Shun'st reformation, and wilt neither mind,
My graue directions, nor the powerfull wind?
I can remember, long before thou wert
When wise *Alcedo* stood where as thou art.
He calm'd all stormes, and pacified the wind,
To patient sufferance, bent his humble minde.
He to the fisher, and the *Seaman* gaue
Directions, how their storme-tost *barke* to saue,
When by the *Lee-shore*, when to launch the *Maine*,
And when to lie at *Hull*, when to remaine
In harbour Anchor-fast, and when to saile
With a full winde, and when againe to vaile.
How, where and when, to cast their nets, and lay
Their hidden hookes, where all the skull do play.
Some of his kinde, yet at each corner stand,
Who still loue truth; in spite of thy command:
Their heads look south, because the wind blows there
Thy taile stands south, thy head the wind doth feare.
Ill might he fare that in *Alcedos* place,
Set thee, who springest from a bloudy race.
His error, and thy pedigree behould
As it in ancient story is inrould.

Phocas. A trayt'rous *Slaue*, his *Master* hauing slaine
Did sole Commander of the world remaine.

Luk. 22. 60 But whilst he slept, a chickin of that *Cocke*
Which *Cephas* check't when he deny de the rocke,

And

And forc't him to repent, to ſigh, and weep,
Did with his voyce the murtherer wake from ſleep,
And would not ſuffer him to reſt in ſin,
But he would rouſe his conſcience ſtill within.
This *Murtherer*, a Cocke of kind did get,
And him to kill this kinder Cocke did ſet,
Who ſoone perform'd the taſke he tooke in hand:
For *Chaunteclear* would ſuffer, not withſtand.
He watchfull was and tended his vocation,
To ſtirr vp others to their occupation:
He loued the pearle more then the barley corne.
To crow, and not to quarrell he was borne.
So he was ſlaine, and ſlaine by one of thoſe
From whence thy proud ſucceſſion ſtrangely roſe
Who hight *Alectrion*, and while-ere had bin
The *Pander* vnto *Mars* and *Venus* ſin, Lucian.
And then (being Captaine of great *Mars* his guard,)
Stood *Sentinel*, and kept both watch and ward,
For feare that *Phœbus* all diſcouering eye,
Should them vnwares at their ſtolne pleaſure ſpie.
But ouert'ane with ſleep, he did not wake
Till *Vulcans* net did both the lechers take;
For which the angry *God* (inrag'd and mad)
His ſleeping ſouldier, all in feathers clad,
His ſword turn'd ſpurrs, himſelfe a *Cocke* of kinde,
His armes and body changde, but not his minde;
That's bloody ſtill, and too far prone to fight
Without reſpect of perſons, cauſe, or right.
Elſe would he ne're haue been ſo mad to kill,
A harmeles *Cocke*, who had no thought of ill.

But

Phocas having slaine Mauritius gaue the title of vniuersall Bishop to Boniface then Bishop of Rome.

But him he falsely slue, and hauing slaine
Did for this murther, of a murtherer gaine
Too great preferment, to be set vp heere
In tryumph, t'ouersee all far and neere:
To be ador'de with vniuersall praise
And triple crowned with *Olive*, *Oke*, and *Bayes*.
Him thou succeed'st both in thy minde and place,
An armed Champion, of that yron race,
A Souldier, none of his whose badge thou bear'st.
But rather one of his whose crowne thou wear'st.
Thy narrow heeles are sharpe, thy tounge is short:
To prey, and not to prayer fit t'exhort.
Thou wilt not crow to rouse the world from sleep,
But with thy silent charmes, it drunken keep.
When thou most seruant-like thy head dost beare
Downe to the ground, then *Cocks* their crownes may
Thou seek'st a fained quarrell then to pick, (feare.
And wilt with both wings mount, with both heeles
At euery feather come, (stab either spur (strick,
Vp to the hilts; and furiously besturr
Thy ready parts, t'attaine thy bloudy end,
And all the world to thy owne scope to bend.
Thou trumper'st warrs and curses ouer all,
And ouer-crowes, but wilt not crow to call
Thy selfe and others of thy ranke, and place,
From looking on the Earth, to view the face
Of the all-searching *Sunne*, and by his light
To measure truly what is wrong and right.
The *Cock* is kild that *Peter* cause to weep,
The *Petrean Pastor* now may safely sleep.

The Crosse.

Omnia hæc tibi dabo. Math: 4. 9.

Seruus Seruorũ.

Culpas huius redarguere præsumit mortaliũ nullus.

Sleep

leep though he hath denied his master too;
or none t'admonish him hath ought to doo.
Trauen awake, behold how I deride
Thy mutabilitie, thy sloth, thy pride. (world,
Thou stand'st where hee stood who claim'd all the
And shalt with him from that steep height be hurld.
About thy head each prating bird that perks,
Dare take the name and place of learned *Clerks*,
And vnto royall Eagles offer lawes,
When each eye sees, they are but iangling dawes.
And though all Lyons in the desart feare,
And crouch, when they thy crowing voice do heare:
Our Lyon scornes thee, when he heares thee crow;
And with his roring voyce the world doth show,
How poore thou art, how cowardly, how weake,
Who shak'st & trembl'st when thou heares him speak.
And yet how proud art thou, t'vsurpe a place
Of iudgment ouer me, in this darke case,
And to prefer the *Clocke* for want of wit,
When I should be the iudge of thee and it?
The *Sexton* comes, hee'le mend all this anone.
With that the angry *Clocke* in rage strooke one.
The *Sexton* came indeed, and one did tell,
Took't on the *Diall*, saw all was not well.
For that said twelue, the *Clocke* said one and past.
He tooke the weights off, which caus'd too much hast,
Vnruaide the wheeles, for there the fault might be,
And found some cog supply the place of three.
Some wheels were taken off, and borne to Court,
To trundle vp and downe, and there make sport.
And some with dust, and rust, were duld and foild,
And some stood vseles se, so the *Clock* was spoild.

Diabolus stetit super pinnas Templi. Math: 4.5.

Which

Which to reform he mends the wheels forthwith
Files, oyles, and beats them throughly on a ſtith:
Makes weights and wyers fit, then by the *Sunne*
Sets the new courſe, which it doth truly runne.
Then going vp the ſteeples top he ſpies
The weather cocke how palpably it lies.
For at each Corner the Kings-ſiſhers ſtood,
Full South; and that the *Dial* prooued good.
But the fond *Weather-cocke* (being weather-wiſe)
From the *Calme* blaſt turned his ſcornefull eyes.
The *Sexton* tooke him downe, and ſtraight did ſee
An eaſie way how he might mended be.
His head was too too great, with 3. combes crowned
Which euer when the wind blew turnd him round
His taile was too too weake, when euery feather
Was bent with ſtorms, and broken with the weather
The *Sexton* cut his crownes, and gaue more ſaile
With them and with the ſpurs vnto his tayle.
So humbled now in habite, looke and minde,
He waites with due obedience on the winde,
Knowes his high place was not to rule, but ſerue,
And means no more from this ſtrict courſe to ſwerue.

Epimythium. Principiũ plus eſt quam dimidium totius. Ariſt: l. 5. Pol. 2. King: 9. 32.

This tale no morrall needs, it is not darke,
But points a worke fit for our learned *Clarke*
Who by the *Dyall* may reforme the *Clock*,
And by kings fiſhers turne the *Weather-cock*.
We haue the winde to helpe vs and the Sunne,
And works are halfe accompliſht when begun.
Then who'le begin? who is on our ſide, who?
Where words, winde, writings faile, reſolue to *Doe*.

I had thought this Tale ſhould haue needed no other tongue then its owne to be rightly vnderſtood. But becauſe I ſee it too miſty for ſome apprehenſions, whoſe wills are as deſirous as others to know truth, haue added this by way of illuſtration to enlighten ſuch as accept well of my good meaning, which is to reforme others according to that which I haue receiued, and to be reformed where I erre my ſelfe.

1. Firſt the teaching part of the militant Church, which conſiſts of the Clergy, I haue vayled vnder the *Clocke*. The wheeles are the diſtinct degrees and offices they enioy of ſuperioritie, and inferioritie; wherein the *Harmonie* of the whole conſiſteth. The lights are the priuiledges, immunities, prerogatiues, and donations of ſeuerall kinds, beſtowed vpon the Church in ſeuerall ages, by good Kings, liberall profeſſors and benefactors. The challenge the *Clocke* comes to make heere to rule the *Dyal*, reſembleth that controuerſie the Church of *Rome* raiſeth in the *Babolicke* Church about the expoſition, the reſtraying or publiſhing of the Scriptures.

2. The *Dyal* is the written word, which is of it ſelf dead and vnprofitable, without farther illumination. Since none of the *Philoſophers*, nor *Salomon* himſelfe by the meere ſtrength of Nature, could from thence draw ſauing knowledge, without ſauing grace. But the *Dyal* hath reference to the *Sunne*; ſo hath this the *Sonne* of righteouſnes. Neither am I without warrant for vſing this bold Allegorie, ſince the ſweet ſinger of *Iſrael* compares the ſame word to a lanterne, and the ſpirit to a light, when he ſaith elegantly, and as a Diuine POET, *Thy word is a lanterne vnto my feet, and a light vnto my path.* Pſal: 119. v. 105.

Now as it is absurd that the *Dyal* should be set by the vncertaine gadding of the *Clocke*: So is it most absurd that the *Clergie* should so iudge of the Scriptures, as to conclude or teach any thing by what pretence soeuer against it, or to vouch vnwritten verities (as some call them) or traditions contradictorie to the written word. But much rather as the *Clocke* ought to be set by the *Dyal*; so ought the *Church* subiect it selfe, to be directed by the Scriptures, and to proue and examine it selfe by the same rule, whether it be in the faith or no. And finding it self in the right, it ought by manifest proofes and arguments from thence to shew forth the same faith to others.

3. Thirdly, the *Weather-cock* who interposes himselfe as iudge in this controuersie betweene the *Dyal* and the *Clocke*, is that *Pope* of *Rome*, who challengeth the same prerogatiue *iure diuino*, ouer the Church and Scriptures. How falsely he doth this, and yet how impudently, is well knowne to all.

For I know not what the *Pope* hath more to do with the rule of the *Catholique Church*, then the *Weather-cocke* (because he stands vpon the top of the steeple) hath to doe with the gouernment of the *Clocke* and *Dyall*. I haue heard and read the reasons vpon which the contrary opinion is grounded, but for my owne part can see no strength in them able to turne any but *Weather-cocks*. The prioritie of place, the whole *Church* perhaps would bee content to yeeld him for the generall peace, and to expresse the true humilitie of holy *Pastors*, who follow the example and doctrine of their master *Christ*. But for his (that turnes and returnes as vncertainely with euery

blaſt of humor or occaſion, as any *Weathercocke* at the change of the winde) to challenge not onely the immunitie from errors, and the infallibilitie of iudgement, but alſo to be *Chriſts Vicar generall* vpon earth, *St Peters Succeſſor*, the *Apoſtolicall Prince*, and *Vniuerſall Biſhop of the whole Church*, to haue all power in Heauen and on Earth, and all iuriſdiction both temporall and ſpirituall, impropriated to his *Chaire*, and annexed to his place, this ſeemes ſtrange; and they iuſtly deny it him, who are not giddy with ſtanding too neere him, or troubled with the ſame vertigo, by reaſon of the height of place, from whence they looke vpon the reſt of the poore afflicted and diſtreſſed flocke of Chriſt Ieſus. But for this proud challenge they know truly how to ſtile him the great *Antichriſt*, and crowne him with this triple *Crowne*, the *Man of ſinne*, the *Whore of Babylon*, the *Vicar Generall of* HELL.

CERTAINE

CERTAINE

CERTAINE PIECES OF THIS AGE PARABOLIZ'D.

viz. { *Duellum Britannicum.*
Regalis Iuſtitia Iacobi.
A quigniſpicium.
Antidotum Cecillianum. }

By THOMAS SCOT
Gentleman.

Scire tuum nihil eſt.

LONDON
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Francis Conſtable*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the white *Lyon* in *Paules Church-yard.* 1616.

DVELLVM BRITANNICVM.

DEDICATED

To the eternall memory of that admirable Combat performed by two valorous Knights, Sir *Robert Manſell* appellant, and Sir *Iohn Heydon* Defendant; where both equally expreſſing fortitude and skill in giuing and receiuing wounds, ſcaped death, notwithſtanding by the onely fauour of Prouidence.

SInce you haue done more then I can relate
(A miracle in conqu'ring Death) what hate
Is that, then death more deadly, which ſuruiues
To cloude the glory of your after liues?
Be reconcilde; we ſhew moſt ſtrength and skill
In maſtering our ſtrong frailtie, our weake will.

Man

Man may Man perſwade amiſſe,
But the skill and cunning is,
To rule him right, to cauſe him do,
What true wiſdome longs vnto.
See how the buſie Lawyers throng
Twixt Man and Man for right and wrong,
Thoſe Papers, all thoſe bookes are writ,
To reconcile Mans iarring wit.
Piſtols, Muskets, Rapiers, Swords,
All the Engines war affords,
Are for Man prepar'd, not hell,
There no foe like Man doth dwell.
"*Man for ſport baites Lyons, Beares,*
"*Man alone Man hates, and feares.*

GReat Volumes in few lines epitomiz'd,
Are eaſieſt apprehended, and ſo priz'd.

Large Countries in ſmall Maps are beſt ſuruaide,
Becauſe the ſenſe (in theſe abridgments ſtaid)
Keeps company with *Reaſon*, neuer flitting
From that firme obiect their ioynt powers fitting.
Thus the whole world is in one Man expreſt,
And euery part deſcrib'd and iudged beſt.
Then noble *Britaine* do not ſcorne to ſee
Thy owne face in this Glaſſe I proffer thee:
Two of thy children, whoſe hard fortune tels,
What danger and aſſur'd deſtruction dwels
In thy diſ-vnion; and how fond they are,
Who with falſe reaſons nurſe thy ciuill warre.

Theſe two (two Worthies) nobly borne and bred;
Inrich'd with vertue, and vpon the head
Of Court and kingdome plac'd, (as Iewels worne
For vſe and ornament) now rent and torne,
Remaine ſad ſpectacles; and cry aloud
O Man, why, being mortall, art thou proud?
Why art thou proud of beauty? Roſes blaſt;
Or of thy wealth? the mines of *India* waſte;
Or of thy ſtrength? ſince ſicknes, age, or wounds
Lets looſe the ſtiff-ſtrung ioynts, and ſpirit confounds.
Or of thy honour, and thy high-borne blood?
Since to be great is not worth praiſe, but good.
Or of all theſe? ſince all theſe, and much more
Wharton and *Steward* had, loſt, and di'd poore.

Much more they had; ſo much, that hard it is
To tell what either wanted. Earths chiefe bliſſe,
(Their Princes fauour) like the Sunne aboue
In his hot Solſtice ſtood, and did improue
Their blooming youth's with ripened fruit, before
Their thoghts could hope: ô what could they wiſh
(more?

Friends ſought thē, fortune bleſt thē; bleſt them ſo?
That which might happieſt ſeem was hard to know.
Neither had cauſe of Enuie; except thus,
As th'eies, hands, feet, which guide, guard, carry vs;
Whoſe ſelfe-like ſhape, and equall vſe admits
No warre, but fellow-feeling of ſuch fitts,
Griefes, and diſeaſes, as each part ſuſtaines;
So ſhar'd they in all pleaſures, toyles, ſports, paines.
Nor had theſe other cauſe of warre at all,
" And cauſeleſſe warre is moſt vnnaturall.
Yet (oh) that ſubtle Spirit incenſ'd raſh blood
With franticke rage, that euery euill ſeem'd good.
They firſt muſt play; ſo vndeſerued gold
" Ill got, we waſte, and haue no power to hold.
Then they proceed to words, from words to blowes;
" The way to euill is eaſie; but who knowes
The Clue that we returne by? hence proceeds
A Challenge from wrong'd *Wharton*: *Steward* needs
No ſuch ſtale prouocation: Miſchiefes feet
" Are ſwift to blood: their quicke deſires ſoon meet,
And (met) ſoone fight; bold *Steward* falls by Fate;
Wharton by Chance: *theſe Powers each other hate.*

So I haue ſeene from th'*Indies* Eaſt and Weſt,
Two Ships well rigg'd, and mann'd vpon the breſt
Of *Thetis* dancing, ſpreading flags abroad
For ioy of their long-wiſht-for Engliſh roade;
Paſt now all dangerous *Rocks*, *Gulphs*, *Pyrats*, *Sand*,
Ready t'vnlade their rich fraught on firme land,
And tell the ſtory of their perils paſt,
And frolicke with glad friends in peace, at laſt.
When ſpying each other ſo bedeckt, adornd,
With outward pomp: on's pride the other ſcornd;

And from that enuious ſcorn ſome word proceeding,
And frō that word ſome blow, frō that blow bleeding.
Then giuing way to furie, all inrag'd,
Both are in deſp'rate termes of fight ingag'd.
The fire in water, Lead in th'ayre, their center
Doe madly ſeeke; and both theſe rudely enter
The ſtrong ſhips wombe, and ranſacke euery hold,
For pretious life, neglecting *Indian* gold.
The ſhot ſeems thunder, but the dying grones
Of ſlaughterd ſoules, ſhrike louder, deeper tones
Then roring Cannons, whoſe thicke charging rout
Lets water freely in, and poures bloud out.
In this hot fight both firmly doe defend,
Both nimbly do aſſault, both madly ſpend,
Strength, skill, and all to hurt. Conqueſt inclines
To neither part as partiall. Equall lines
Are drawne betwixt them both by Fate & Chance;
Till th'one his topſaile fairely doth aduance
To win the winde, and in that vantage flies
With force and fury on his foe; who plies
All meanes to ſaue this loſſe, and to regaine
Faire ods, or equall ſtanding once againe.
But all in vaine, fortune, the winde, and ſea,
Confederate with the aduerſe ſeeme to be.
So this to ſinke (rather then yeeld) reſolues,
And halfe his tatter'd ſides the Sea inuolues.
When th'other (couetous) grapples with his foe,
To bourd and rob him: and (being chained ſo)
The ſhip that leaks ſinks, and with his weight drawes
The Conqueror with Conqueſt, to deaths iawes.
So fares it with theſe noble Combatants
Both equally of blood and honor vants:

Both

Both enuí'd and belou'd alike, both frends,
Both yong, both valiant, and their life and ends
So paralell, and twin-like like in all
That they obtain'd one graue, one funerall.
One graue, one funerall, they obtain'd, yet loſt
The fame and honor their youth thirſted moſt.
Becauſe their quarrell on falſe grounds begun,
Could not produce true praiſe, nor true blame ſhun.
The wounds thou gau'ſt ſtout *Wharton* had bin good
Againſt thy Kings or faiths foe; and thy blood
Heroicke *Steward*, had been nobly ſhed,
Againſt ſuch ſlaues; ſo both had brauely bled.
And your braſſe Monuments had ſpoke the fame
Of *Whartons* noble, *Stewards* royall name.
Then the fierce challenger for his quicke charge,
And ſtout aſſault with wounds giuen deep and large;
His apt command of euery part ſoone ſhunning,
All wounds ſaue one, giuen more by chance then cunning.
And the Defendant, who ſo long time ſtood
Drownd (yet vndanted) in his owne life blood;
And deadly wounded, paſt all hope of liuing,
Death in his death, to his haile foeman giuing;
Had filld the largeſt leaues of Fames faire ſtory,
And both worne wreath of triumph, conqueſt, glory
And then like patterns to both Realmes, ſet out
By vertue for example; the wiſe and ſtout
Had been your ſchollers, and their leſſons read,
In thoſe greene fields, where both ſo boldly bled.
But now (aye me!) as rocks, bars, ſands, at ſea,
Or marks ſet vp to ſhew ſhips where they bee,
Or rather as ſome wrack'd ſhips ſelfe, whoſe maſt
Ore looks the waues, and yet ſtill ſticking faſt

In th'eating ſilt, bids the wiſe Pilot flye
The trackleſſe path, where ſuch hid dangers lye.
So ſtand theſe two, the ſignes of woe, and ruth,
Of ſhipwrackt honor, fortune, valour, youth:
And by their deaths confirm this ſpeech for good,
"Vertue hath greater priuiledge then blood.
"Our ſoules are Gods, our bodies are the Kings,
"And he that in his priuate quarrell brings
"Either of theſe in queſtion, doth betray
"The Kings part, and giues Gods part cleane away.
England, behold in *Wharton* what thou art,
And *Scotland* ſee in *Steward* euery part
Of thy beſt power; ſhun enmitie and ſtrife,
None but your ſelues haue power of eithers life.
Let not ſlight toyes (the ſnares and traines of hell)
Breed war betwixt you two; but kindly dwell
Within this Ile as in one houſe, the rather
Being thereto wooed by your good King, kind father.
If not, peruſe this glaſſe, and let not me
The fatall Prophet of ſuch ill newes be
To your ſucceeding times; but chooſe you whether
You'le ſtill liue friends, or like theſe die together.

A

A caſt of Falcons (in their pride
At paſſage ſcouring) fowle eſpide
Securely feeding from the ſpring,
At one both ayme with nimble wing.
They firſt mount vp aboue Mans ſight,
Plying for life this emulous flight
In equall compaſſe, and maintaine
Their pitch without a lazie plaine.
Then ſtooping freely (lightning-like)
They (counter) acad each other ſtrike.
The fowle eſcapes, and with her wings
Their funerall dirge, this leſſon ſings.
"Woo aimes at glory not aright,
"Meetes death, but Glorie takes her flight.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Georgij Whartoni Militis.

TH' offence was great, worse the report,
The iniurie Reuenge *acquitting,*
And life with many wounds ta'ne for't
Argu'de a minde true honour fitting.
"For sluggish Cowardice *doth shame*
"A noble Stocke, *and honor'd name.*

Epitaphium Iacobi Stewardi Armigeri

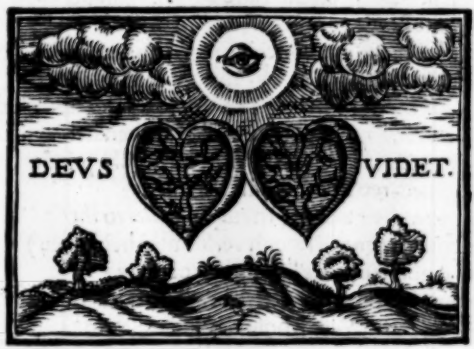
WIth an vndaunted heart I fought,
Reuenge *and* Choller *me assailing,*
In fight I fell, with courage stout,
My life and foes, togither failing.
I dig'de my graue out with my sword,
And stroke, whilst life would strength afford.

IVSTITIA IACOBI.

Dedicated to the graue, reuerend, and iudicious Knight, Sir *Robert Gardiner*, ſometime Lord Iuſtice of Ireland.

SO many men preſſe now for place in State,
Deſeart and Worth cannot come neere the gate:
But happy were it for the State and vs,
If we (as Rome *did) ſought for* Curius.
There ſhould we finde him, farre from Court, with you
Perhaps a Gardiner, or perhaps at Plow.
Yet euen the ſame which Pyrhus *did withſtand,*
Samnites, *and* Sabines *ruld, as you Ireland.*
Then ſhould our Kings cleare Iuſtice ſhine too bright
To ſuffer potent wrong, cloude impotent right.
Then ſhould this act of Iuſtice ſo aboue
All preſidents, make others like it moone.
But wretched we, whilſt few the doore can paſſe
Of high preferment, but the Laden Aſſe,

Man



Man, Angell, nor the Fiend of Hell,
Can Mans heart ſee, ſearch, and tell.
That God alone doth vnderſtand,
Cloſing all thoughts within his hand.
He better knowes then Prieſt, Iudge, Scribe,
Who gaue the laſt cauſe-carrying bribe.
He ſees, when ſentence goes awry,
Where the hidden ground doth lie.
He knowes if it be true or no,
The doubtfull witneſſe ſweares vnto.
He markes the Iewrie *and their leader,*
And obſerues the Lying Pleader.
He notes the Councell what they doe,
And the Kings *heart ſearcheth too.*

HOw hatefull is this ſilence? I haue ſtood
Wiſhing, expecting, muſing long, who wou'd
With

With honeſt thrift, this faire aduantage take
To fame himſelfe for euer, and to make
This ſenſeleſſe age conceiue (perhaps commend)
The good we now enioy, not apprehend.
Time was Kings words were like to apples, ſnatch'd
From t'*Heſperides*, ſo obſeru'de, ſo watch'de.
None ſuffer'd to drop downe; all highly prizde
Preſerued, recorded, apothegmatizde.
But now their words (though *Oracles* to thoſe
Of former times, though verſe vnto their proſe)
Are ſlighted by this lipwiſe age of ours;
Whoſe rootles knowledge bears no fruits but flow'rs.
Where is the Man whoſe better fate, admits
Him place, time, meanes, to heare the King of wits,
Diſcourſe like *Salomon*, of euery thing,
Begot betwixt the winter and the ſpring?
Determine euery doubt that doth ariſe
Twixt heauen and earth, the idiot and the wiſe?
That doth for priuate vſe, or publike good
Make knowne how *Saba-like*, he vnderſtood?
And did not (like the pictures) waite for ſhow
To fill place only, but to learne to know.
This Man is yet no *Courtier*, or at leaſt
No daily waiter; ſcarce ſeene at a feaſt.
Too poore and plaine to trauaile, and bring backe
The tongue and heart of treaſon; he doth lacke
A face t'outface his wants, and doth bewray
His ignorance in euery arrogant way.
He meanes good faith and ſpeakes it, though the lip
Of cenſuring law, his ſtate and body ſtript
Of coyne, and eares, and freedome; it's no crime,
To ſpeake truth (he thinks) though't be out of time.

He

He is no chamber Traytor from hell ſent,
To vndermine the Soules high parliament.
He cannot candy poyſon; wants the waies
To tickle truth to death, with her owne praiſe.
He dares not weare a deſperate ſuite t'vndoe
Himſelfe, a Mercer, and a Taylor too.
And then make that the preface how to aske
Towards his vnknowne loſſe in the laſt maske.
But ſuch as can thoſe Court-lie Myſteries
Want time for this. Themſelues are hiſtories
Not eaſely learn'd; t'will aske a perfect Man
To read them daily o're, do what he can.
And ere he learns by heart each attribute
Appropriate to the body, and the ſuite.
Himſelfe growes old, or a new-faſhion ſprings,
Which ſhifts the Scene, the forme, and face of things.
Thus ſilk-worms ſpend their times, & ſchollers too
Haue idle worke nough to turne them to.
Perhaps a paire of feete and a tongue ſtroue,
Who ſhould walke faſteſt, and moſt countries roue.
In feweſt hower's to ſmalleſt purpoſe; theſe
At length returne (their trauailes finiſht) pleaſe,
To publiſh their fond Iournall. But (alaſſe!)
Neither themſelues, nor their huge worke can paſſe
Our preſſe vnpraiſde. *O Courtiers* thither hie,
Gallants, Wits, Poets; Let your Muſes flie
Not to reforme, or ſettle this light braine,
But render him more wilde. Your ſelues ſhall gaine
Much wonder by't; extolld ſhall be your skill,
For writing well in ieaſt, in earneſt ill.
Or if not this, ſome other witty taske
Staies your continuall leiſures, and doth aske

Inke

Inke from your pens, t'aſperge, deforme, defile,
States and their inſtruments, with libells vile.
No man muſt liue without your fauning praiſe,
Nor no man die without your roundelaies.
Death maks you ſport, & ſtroks which force the *State*,
Stagger and reele; your humors eleuate.
"*Vice* liuing, is preferd to *Vertue* dead;
"The preſent, no time els, is honored.
If you attend on Kings, it's to obſerue
Their imperfections, where their frailties ſwerue
In raſh attempts or paſſionate words vnſtaid,
From iuſter rules, their temperate bloods once laide.
As if Kings were not men, weake, fraile, and poore,
Like to their Subiects, and ſubiected more.
As if at *Rome* (whither you ſend this newes)
All there were Saints, & your Popes Court no *ſtewes*.
As if that you a Patent had from Hell,
All things to ſay or doe, but nothing well.
O! if you yet retaine a graine of that,
Which your high aimes would ſeeme to leuell at:
Or if no faith (but that you Atheiſts be,
And nothing but vnhallow'd Reaſon ſee)
If but a ſparke of that remaine intire,
Which you ſeeme to monopolize (the fire
Prometheus filch'd from *Ioue*) let that bright flame
Kindle your zeales for ſelfe, kings, countries fame,
To vſe thoſe opportunities, parts, places,
Intelligences, meanes, friends, fortunes, graces,
You haue'boue other, for the publique good,
That we may vnderſtand you vnderſtood.
Learne *Saba*-like to heare, obſerue, report,
The good our *Salomon* ſpeakes, doth at Court.

Not

Not *Shemei*-like to ſlander, curſe, deride,
Religions Nurſe, Arts glory, vertues Pride.
But you contemne my admonition. Goe
Feed fat for Hell, the place you couet ſo.
And let my humble Muſe, applaud, admire
And celebrate heauens grant to our deſire.
Tell what thou ſeeſt and feel'ſt. *Ingratitude*
" Receiues, craues, ſwallowes, a whole multitude
" Of gifts and graces, without thankes or ſenſe,
" And with dul ſilence beats heau'ns bleſſings hence.
" It is *Detraction* to conceale due praiſe,
" When good related, might more goodneſſe raiſe.
" It is not flattery to report truth well;
" True glaſſes both our faults and fauours tell.
Here then receiue this one worke royall *Iames*,
Which now reflects vpon thee, and more fames
This Church & kingdom, then thy birth, crown, pen,
Or what elſe makes thee the good King of men.
I ſing thy Iuſtice, whoſe cleare raies giues light,
To neighbour Princes in this ignorant night
Of miſtie error, and corrupt *Reſpect*,
How to informe aright their intellect.
And (hauing here on earth, mongſt chriſtian kings
And Pagans ſhone) it mounts the winds ſwift wings
Calming the ſea, bounding her ebs and tides,
And in her monthly change the moiſt Moone guides.
Then ſores vp higher, and informes the Sunne,
How mongſt the ſignes in an euen line to run;
How to make daies, and nights; and higher yet
Mounts, till it be in the firſt Mouer ſet.
Two warlike kingdomes linck't in happy peace.
When they beheld how common fewdes did ceaſe

And ſaw how ſtrongly bleſt that concord ſtands,
Where brethren ioyne firſt hearts, and after hands,
Reſolu'd that courſe; turn'd marches into Maskes,
And reuelling tiffues wore for maſſier Caskes.
Steeds traind for ready fight, learnd now to peace,
And knew no foes but Buckes and Hates; nor race
But on ſmooth plaines for wagers, or for ſport,
Not for loued life; where Camp's lay, lay the Court.
Keene ſwords that bit the bone, abated now
Kiſt without making skars, or help'd the plow
To draw long furrowes on the fruitfull earth,
Leaſt *Peace* ſhold (breeding teeth to faſt) breed dearth.
Blunt foiles were on ſharpe pointed Rapiers ſet,
And ſo Lord *Sanquire* and poore *Turner* met.
They met to play; there *Sanquier* loſt an eie.
O *Britaine!* canſt thou nothing further ſpie,
In this then his loſſe? Looke vp now and ſee;
Securitie hath ta'ne an eye from thee.
Ill didſt thou ward that blow; If ſport hurt ſo,
O what will open force and malice do?
Thy King rides, hunts and falls. Are horſes then
Turn'd traitors too? will beaſts proue like to men?
Can Kings finde ſportfull peace ſo hazardous?
To armes then *Cæſar*, ſhun the Senate houſe.
Like poiſon, ponyards, piſtolls, *Death* aboue
Attends on *Princes* when they feed, ſleep, moue;
Beneath like powder, that the ground they tread,
Seemes all one continent, to quicke and dead.
And is't not ſo with others too? behold,
This ſilly Fencer, in his ignorance bold
Think's his ſubmiſſiue ſorrow will ſuffice
For that vnhappy thruſt at *Sanquiers* eyes;

And begging pardon, ſeemes to haue it then.
What foole dares truſt the vnſeald words of men.
Yet *Turner* will. A reconciled foe
" Seemes a true friend, to him would haue him ſo,
He thinks (now *Dunne* is dead) to die in peace.
" But blood cries out for blood, and doth not ceaſe
" Till vengeance followes. Vengeance euen at hand
Waits like a treacherous Groome of *Sanquiers*; and
(When *Turner* nothing of his neere death thinkes,
But laughes, & plaies, & to his death-man drinkes.)
Let's his charg'd piſtoll flie, whoſe mouth ſpits lead
With fire-wing'd ſpeede, ſtriking the Fencer dead.
" No ward auoides that blow. *Pale Death* we ſee
" A fellow-gameſter in all ſports will be.
The Murtherers flee; *Iuſtice* purſues with ſpeede;
Th'*Abettor*, *Actor*, *Author* of this deede;
Who (apprehended) apprehend too late
(If friends help not,) the iſſue of their fate.
But friends will help. One ſteps vnto the King,
Kneeles and thus pleads. *Leige lord*, you are the ſpring
From whence *Nobilitie* flowes. And all our blood
The neerer yours it comes, the neerer good.
As you firſt gaue, ſo let your powre preſerue
Thoſe that are ſet apart the Crowne to ſerue;
Others by fit election, theſe by fate
Are made hereditarie to the State;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the common ranke of thoſe
Who only know they are, not when they roſe.
And priuiled'ge aboue the raskall rout,
Whoſe words and deeds haue reference to account.
Elſe why did our bold fathers with the loſſe
Of lymmes and liues, honors for vs ingroſſe?

Or why do these new *Nobles* dearely buy
Those attributes for which they dare not die?
Or why should land or gold, which all things can
Be giuen for ends, if they them end not man,
And something adde beside an emptie sound,
To recompence the losse of gold and ground?
If honour doth nought but a name afford,
A Lordship then is better then a Lord.
" *Nobility* this priuiledge doth bring,
" It makes the owner something like a king;
" Exempting him from penall lawes, which crack
" With heauy pressure the poore Commons back.
This (Sir) I speake t'excite your royall power
To rescue Noble *Sanquir*, who this houre
Is by the too strict vnrespectiue lawes
Condemn'de to die a villaines death. The cause
And quarrell this. The Baron chanc'd to play
With a rude Fencer; where both did bewray
Their best abilitie at *Rapier* foyles.
The Fencer to vphold his credit toyles,
But wanteth skill; which makes his hate arise;
And with an enuious thrust at *Sanquirs* eyes,
The wicked and inchanted foyle depriues
An eye of sight; worth many Fencers liues.
The suffering Lord forbeares to kill him then
But being after scorn'de by watermen,
Fidlers, and such base instruments of hell
For this foule blemish, his great heart did swell.
And (full of noble courage) loth to do
So black a deede himselfe, he puts it to
His mans performance, who obaide too soone.
Repentance came before the deede was done.

The

The equall lawes to equalls doth appoint
An eye should haue an eye, ioynt answere ioynt.
But where such oddes in persons be, I gesse
An eye should haue a life to boote, no lesse.
Yet not on this or that doth *Sanquir* stand;
His death, his life, his doome is in your hand.
He doth confesse the foulenesse of his guilt:
He sorrowes for the bloud that he hath spilt.
Your mercy (royall Sir) he doth implore
For this rash act, who neuer beg'd before.

Scarce had he done, and e're the king could speak,
And other thus begins. If you should wreak
Each English peasants life with blood so hie
As noble *Sanquirs* is, No memorie
Of your faire traine, of Natiue Scots, should stand,
To let times know the glory of that land.
Souldiers must doffe their armes, & gowns put on,
If villanies so foule may passe vpon
Lords vareueng'de; or if those antique names,
Those honors, trophees, and eternall fames,
We got by killing many Englishmen,
Be for the death of one, thus lost agen.
If thus to quench the fewde you pleased are,
You thereby quench the heart of lawfull warre.
Remember what a souldier he hath bin;
How easly might forget it was a sinne.
And thinke he did but chastice one of those
Who 'gainst his Leader muteni'de, and rose.
Many of th'English haue been pardoned
For treasons capitall. Some honored
For their knee-seruice, and no other merit.
Then (Sir) let vs who lineally inherit

Allegeance, worth, and honors ; sometime find
You left not all your Scottish blood behind.
Nor meane to leaue vs in the hands of those
Who kill with law more friends, then fowles kil foes.
Thus ended he ; And then as in a Quoere
Of solemne singers, on shall euer heare
After the Trebles hath the Antheme sung,
And their diuisions with shrill veterance rung ;
The Base, the Tenor, Counter-tenor sweet,
With Hoboyes, Cornets, trumpets, Organs meet,
And ioyne their lne stretcht notes, that all the ring
Seemes Eccho like, their sonnets to resing.
So did the graue and gallant troope, which stood
About the King (like a dew-dropping wood)
Conuey their powres to make this consort full
And cried ; Be still'd *King Iames the mercifull*.
Or (if to satisfie the course of law,
And stop *Opinions* wide-gull swallowing iaw)
Life must haue life, take *Carlisle*, one for one,
And one to boote too ; so this Lord be none.
With that (as if all aymes would this aduance)
Comes from the Regent, and the King of *France*,
Letters, intreating for their Pensioners life.
And last, as if the difference of a wife
Should from this fact take characters, to know
A true good wife, from a good wife in show :
Comes his forsaken Lady all in blacke,
(Whose youth from him did due beneuolence lack)
Weeping, intreating, for her lost Lords sinne.
And then like fullomes that run euer in)
A baile of Gossips (some true beggars borne,
Pittying this Lord more then the Lord of Lorne)

Beg his remission, with obstreperous voice:
But mongst the rest, she that made lowdest noise,
Was *Turners* Widdow, whose shrill throte did yell,
That she was satisfied, and all was well.

The King abhord it, and his vpright heart,
Beholding these assaults on euery part,
Made it his glory to be only good,
And from his crowne to wipe those staines of blood.
Thus he replies: The crowne for Iustice sake,
"Heau'n plac'd vpon our head, which none can shake
"Or touch till with iniustice we make way,
"And (for respect) that strickt rule disobay.
"God is our Guard of proofe, that we may be
"A guard to you vnpartiall, iust, and free.
"And this stands firme; If one hand goes about
"To signe a croock't line, th'other blurs it out.

O magnanimitie, aboue a Man!
O Iustice more confirm'd, then that which wan
Zeleuchus so much fame! Corrupt with gold
States, Courtiers, Law, or mines that will be sold,
Peruert with passion euery solid heart,
Moue *Stoickes*, or melt marble with thy art,
Iustice sits still vntouch'd, with kingly care,
Not pardoning till true mercy bids him spare,
And then not striking, though the life he giues,
Repines, and enuies that the giuer liues.

Deni'de they vanish, as the cloudes disperse,
When the hot-shining Sunne lookes red and fierce.
The law proceeds; the Actors suffer first,
A death too-good, too-bad; the best, the worst.
The Author then submits him to his doome,
And dies a *Catholike*; *That's a man of Rome*:

O *Rome*! Liues yet that Wolfe which was thy Nurse
When (growing great) thou grewst the whole world's curse?
May none yet leap thy wals, or leaue thy Sea
Vnslaine, though he a King and brother be?
Retain'st thou yet that sauage kinde, to pray
On the distressed flocke which shuns thy way?
Do all that sucke thy brests, for milke sucke blood?
Dare not that spring from thee die well, do good?
Must *Gibbets* onely rocke them to their rest?
Doe they desire that death? become they't best?
Must *Traytors*, *Murtherers*, only be thy *Saints*?
Weare none white robes but such as scarlet paints?
Else why doe all cuill men so soone drinke vp
The deadly lees of thy inchaunted cup?
Or why do fooles so credit what *Rome* saith,
But for they easely learne implicit faith?
If *Rome* keep heauen keyes, (as 'tis out of dout,)
None dares barre *Lambert*, or Lord *Sanquir* out:
Nor needs they feare, where *Iesuits* haue to doe,
Garnet shall be a *Saint*, and *Iudas* too:
Their writings and examples murther teach;
They'l not condemn the doctrin which they preach.
This makes our desperate *Ruffins*, *Romanes* die.
And our crack'd Virgins seeke a *Nunnery*.
Iustice rise *Lyon*-like out of thy sleepe,
The Westerne *Wolues* worry thy *Irish* sheepe:
And here at home thy borders swarme with those
Who do initiate, breed, beget thee foes.
The* scar thou think'st to close, these mak more wide;
"True faith vnites, but their faith doth deuide.
The* *Grimes* are banish'd, but worse Foxes earth
In those vast places, through the Gospels dearth.

Romulus and Remus nursed by a wolfe, Romulus slew his brother Remus for leaping ouer the walls of his Citty Rome.

* Vnion.

Anno 1. Iacob.

The

The Humour that feeds theſe, affects the heart,
And doth dilate it ſelfe through euery part
By ſecret influence, though it cloſely lurkes,
" Cauſes are beſt diſcouered by their workes.
" Examples though they doe no other ill,
" Rebell againſt the Lawes in being ſtill.
" They count once giue to error, and curbe in
" Bold reprehenſion, making truth a ſinne.
" Who hides his queſtion'd faith he ought reueale,
" Will vtter what perhaps he ſhould conceale.
Hunt out thoſe Foxes then; it is a ſport
Fitting a King, a Councell, and a Court.
Vſe Hounds that lie not, or flie out; for ſuch
Spend freely, ſweetly, but the ground ne're touch:
They pleaſe the eare and eye, but neuer minde
To kill the Game. Thoſe *Cubs* are of their kinde.
But ſtay, take off, we ryot: leaue the ſent:
" *Plaine Truth cannot be ſlaine, but may be ſhent.*

Aquigniſpicium.

Aquinispicium.

Dedicated

TO THE FREE

and bountifull House-keeper,

Sr. *Le-strange Mordant,*

Knight Baronet.

THou that art almost only left to tell,
Wherein our ancient Gentrie did excell
These upstart plants, be still thy selfe, till we,
For shame reforme our lines, and wax like thee.
So plaine, free, upright, honest, open, iust:
But sure first die, and rise againe we must.

Aquigniſpicium.

The State is caſt; God doth beholde
Eyes blinde, eares deafe, tongues dumbe with cold.
Daies care to get, gets mightie cares,
Which memorie foyles, and iudgment maſters.
The faint heart (ſlowly beating) tells
Dull ſpirits in the ſlacke nerues dwells.
The Liuer boyles with luſtfull blood;
Weake ſtomacke brookes no meat that's good.
Looſe palſie makes the hands to tremble,
When they for loue ſhake, they diſſemble.
The yonly knees doe ſtiffly bend;
The feete walke ſlow to all good end.
The Doctor *ſaith;* Repent, faſt, pray,
Die, *or this dust take we may.*

GOd bends his bowe but ſhoots not; ſee, it ſtands *Alluding to the Rainebow.*
As if the ſtiffe ſtring were in Mans owne hands.

For

For God first plac'd it so, that Man might know
How prone to peace he is, to warre how slow.
That couenant which he made with *Noah*, he keepes
His Mercy euer wakes, his Iustice sleepes.
And though our sins a second *Deluge* craues,
Hee'l drench the world no more in those salt waues.
" What hurt fro heaue falls, first fro th'earth proceeds
" And Mans misfortune, springs fro mans misdeeds.
Misdeeds that from our selues, friends, country come.
And where they should on all, light but on some.
The snow, haile, rayne, are by the Suns pure beames
Exhalde from standing *Marishes*, whose steames
Infect the ayre with foggy mists, and then
Are botteld vp in clouds for sinfull men.
And for Mans good, in season they distill
Or out of season, to amend the ill.
The plagues we feele fall at the head and foote,
Are shafts gainst God our hands first vpward shoote.

Presumptuous sins in Country and at Court,
Greatnesse, and *Grace*, and *Fauour* do support.
The *Pulpit* flatters; *Iustice* sits and smiles,
Making a gainefull skill, of lingring wiles.
" Who hath great friends liues free, & wanteth fault
" But without friends the vpright innocent haults.
Vice now prouides vs rayment, meat and drinke,
So how t'increas't, not how to curb't we thinke.
Old men waxe impudent, lasciuious, wilde,
That fits them best, which scarce becomes a childe.

Young Men are stubborne, disobedient, stout,
And rule, and teach, euen from the swathing clout.
They all things know and can but (what they ought)
Themselu's and *vertue*. These they neuer sought.

Fashio

Fashions from *Spaine*, *France*, *Germanie*, and *Rome*,
And *Turkie* too, with their *Religions* come.
So they are suited fayre from top to toe;
And each new suite an a new faith they goe.
Matrons that are not dead nor yet aliue,
But betwixt both, in some part vegetiue,
Crowne their smooth scalps with haire, & now makes (braue
A second Mistres ready for the graue.
Yong Maids (that go for such) are Mothers known
And such as should be none, are Virgins showne.
O modesty where dwelst thou? Womanhood
Is scarce by our high English vnderstood.
Vice growes so common, that it is far more
Opprobrious, to be chast, then be a whore.
All things are out of order. Lawes are made
Wrong meanes not to defend, but to invade.
Then why should we limit the sea, or fire
Within their bounds, and not our owne desire?
Southward th' *Armado*, and the fleetes of *Spaine*, Ann. Dō. 1588.
Oft beaten) seeme to threaten vs againe.
And East and West the *Seas* would meet we see:
But that (ô wonder!) *Northward* blest we bee. *The seas broke in before West, now East.*
The want of water was the cause before
Those huge built hulkes, could not approch our shore,
Who came resolu'de of conquest: and did stand
As if they ment to beare away our land.
Poore Ile so small thou wert, and they so great
Too scant a sea for them that was thy seat.
But had they staide till now, now might they ride
On the swolne waues at ease in all their pride.

And

And into euery hauen their bold Ships stere,
As if no sands, barres, shallowes, had bin there.
We know when seas are they come, God can prouide
Such seas, so high, so vncontrold a tide,
Able without their *Ennie*, or their ayde
To burie vs: for see how he hath layd
Our workes all leuell; draines, dikes, sluces, banks,
Fields, pastures, gardens, mannors, farmes, and franks
With Man their owner, and what Man doth feed,
Are buried with a sea of teares indeed.

Powder treason. *November* did we scape thy fift day thus,
That euery day thou should'st be ominous?
P. H. *his death.* Doe we so soone forget the sixt day, last
And worst of all daies to our Iland past,
That thus we should so oft remembred be,
From what strange thraldom, we were once set free?
Or do the waters thus breake in to show
How humorous and irregular vices flow?
How *Saint*-like *Sacriledge* doth impropriate?
And calme *Oppression* swallowes *Church* and *State*?
How close *Hypocrisie* bends his courtly knee,
And (wanting all faith) would haue all faith's free?
How holy *Hymens* sacred bands are broken,
His torch extinguish'd, and his rites fore-spoken?
How gotish lusts needs all those waues to slake
His scorching flames, hot as th'infernall lake?
Or is't for all these crimes, and more vntold,
The faithfull Sea, which wont our *Ile* to hold
In his moist armes, (from strange assaults secure,)
Hath chang'd his loue to this sad ouerture?

And (for our ſinnes) learnes vs to faſt and pray,
Bringing in fiſh, ſweeping our fleſh away?
That land which (*Goſhen* like) did flow while ere, *Merſhland in Norfolk.*
With all that Man deſires or life holds deere,
So that no ſpot in all this Iles large field,
The ſythe more hay, ſickle more corne did yield:
Where ſweetnes was the ſawce, and fatnes fed,
Whil'ſt *Dearth*, and *Famine* from the confines fled:
Where the ſtiffe-vdder'd *Cow* long'd twice a day,
To meet the merry milke-maide on the way:
And miſſing her by chance, wrot on the ground
With milke-white letters where ſhee would be found;
Now proſtrate lyes; the goodly beauty foil'd,
The welth waſh'd thence, the gards & trēches ſpoil'd.
O what aſſurance haue we then in clay
Which (if not Lawyers) *Seas* thus eat away?
Build farre from waters, that ſecures thy feare,
Though leſſe thy profit be, ſafe dwelling there.
O no; what's that I ſee? a raging flame
Mounts vp in yonder plaine, and none can tame
His hot miſgouern'd furie. Water heere
Some cry, but no ſuch element is neere.
Like a mad-Dog that through the thronged ſtreets
Ranging with rage ſnatcheth at all he meets,
And all that bitten are, as mad as he,
Runne raging too, that few or none ſcape free.
The cry is vp, and euery man ſtands arm'd,
To do he knowes not what till he be harm'd,
And then to ſaue himſelfe neglects the reſt,
And madly miſchiefe does when he meanes beſt.

New-market *burned with many other notable townes in England.*

Or

Or as a towne of ſtrength, at dead of night,
Surpriz'd (by ſodaine ſtratagem or ſlight,)
The people (with the allarum bell awak'd)
Run out to ſee what newes amaz'd and nak'd;
And meeting death abroad, for life run home,
And finde their houſes ſack'd before they come.
Then turning backe againe they know not whither,
Flocke all on heaps and dye like friends togither:
So far'de it there; the fire flew vp and downe
Snatching at euery houſe within the towne.
And whilſt one thought his neighbors houſe to ſaue,
He ſees his owne doth inſtant ſuccour craue.
Heere ſtands an *Alehouſe* toſting, and the *Hoſtis*
Swearing her falſe-ſcor'de tally burn'd or loſt is.
The *Tapſter* (wanting water) plies with ale
The thirſtie fire which drinks both new and ſtale,
And by that oyly-lyquor is not quenched
But rather (*Drunkard*-like) inrag'd, incenſed.
The *Hoſt* (in ſtead of pailes) fills pots and ſweares
Hee'le vſe no penny pots that wants their eares.
Wiſheth his luggs were bigger, he would fill them,
And (but in vaine) on the wilde fire doth ſpill them.
Here ſtares an *Oſtler* whil'ſt the flame makes ceaſure
On his ſmall bottles and his oſtry meaſure.
And here a *Chamberlane* giues quicke attendance
To ſaue his pretty faggots with a vengeance.
Thoſe pretty faggots which firehot being eat
In a cold morning, ſcarce would make one ſweat.
Heere runs a rauening *Vſurer* dog-like tyred
Betwixt his owne houſe and the mort-gagde fired.

Her

Here flames a barne of ſome ingroſſing *Farmer*,
And here the ſtudy burnes of ſome falſe *Termer*.
Here ſtands a kennell, there a rack and manger
For running horſes, but both ſtay the danger.
A *Baude* houles here, and here a neaſt of whores
Burnde oft within are now burnde out of dores,
Heere's a *Tobacco* ſhop, and in the *Celler*
Th'*Indian Deuil*, our baud, witch, whore, man-queller,
That ſpirit waſter, and that Liuer heater,
Of th'humor radicall that greedy eater,
That breath corrupter, and quick-eye-ſight ſpoyler,
That wit confounder, and ſtrong Memorie foyler,
That pickpurſe, theefe, time-cheater, conny catcher,
That alehouſe haunter, and fell miſcheefe hatcher,
That all-compounded euill of euery Nation,
Too bad (almoſt) for th'Engliſh imitation,
Tobacco by the fire was there caroufed
With large pettounes, in pilfe perfum'de and ſouſed.
Thus what full many thrifty yeeres erected,
One prodigall flame hath waſted and deiected.
And now (behold) the prouder *Chimnies* ſtand
A heyres left well, who waſted haue their land,
Of whom the common people vſe to ſay,
It's pitty proper men ſhould thus decay;
Yet none releeues them, or builds vp their ſtate
To ſuch an eminent fortune as of late.
Mongſt theſe one *Chimney* ſtands, where paſſers by
May reiid this ſentence with a running eye,
Nothing is ſo cloſe carried or concealde,
Which ſhall not be in his due time reueal'de.

Whether by chance or by diuine decree,
(For so all humane actions order'd bee)
This obiect stands, that all may make good vse
Of what they see, or quit them from excuse,
Ile not determine. Let it be my folly
Rather then be prophane, to be too holly.

He that once drown'de the world, can if he please,
Drowne part or the whole world againe with ease:
But since his word is past, though we abound
With that which cauſde the former world be drownd,
Hee'le keepe his promiſe, and the ſea reſtraine
From ouerflowing ſinfull fleſh againe.
Yet is it in his power the whole Cimmerie
In variable woes; plagues to diſperſe
In the moſt frequent ſtreets, moſt fragrant fields,
That th'aire may breath out death, which now yeelds
Or thin-cheek'd *Famine* (though a ſtranger borne)
Who now to know on Fridaies th'Engliſh ſcorne,
Who of all forrainers is worſt intreated,
His faſhion left, himſelfe in priſon ſeated,
May be familiar with our countrymen
(Like a poſt-*Natus*, or free Denizen)
And that without an act, if God thinke good,
Though all the Peeres, and commons it withſtood.

Fire, ayre, earth, water, all are his: he can
With or without theſe ſaue or puniſh Man.
No place is free from him, nothing is hid,
He knowes what *Faukes*, *Perſie*, and *Cateſby* did
Vnder the ground; and what new plots doe come
From hell, or from hells Councell-chamber (*Rome.*)

And

And this, (and all els) his bleſt hand reueales
To his elect, and with deliuerance ſeales.
Attend his pleaſure then; firſt weſhall ſee
Rome burne, and all with *Rome* that lynked bee.
Then the whole world; and that fire ſhall diſcloſe
Each truth, each falſhood, and each cauſe of thoſe.
Till then, theſe waters doe but waſh the ſlime
Of *Babel* from this too indifferent time.
Theſe petty fites, kindle our loue and zeale,
(Halfe-dead) to King, the Church, & cõmon-weale.
Affliction profits. Strike vs (Lord) in loue;
Let thy milde hand each way our firme faith proue.
But let not *Babell* triumph in our fall,
Nor any that on *Baal*, or *Dagon* call.

ANTIDOTVM CECILIANVM.

DEDICATED

To the Common-wealth.

Desert hath no true follower after death
But Envy, or others flatter with their breath.
In vaine I sought particular Patrons; they
When life left greatnesse, ran with life away.
Blood, kindred, friends, forsooke him; so 'twas fit,
We might have doubted else his worth and wit.
Their compasse was too narrow to yeeld shade
To him that both their rootes and fortunes made:
But gentle England, since he quiet gaue
To thee by his cares, giue his corps a graue.
And since his wisdome did renowne thy name,
Be thou a Sanctuarie to his fame.
And since he gaue for thee his life and health,
Giue him protection, thankefull Common-wealth.

TO

TO THE HONOVR of the illuſtrious Familie of the CECILLS, deſeruing of this Commonwealth all the Romane wreaths of tryumph: The memorable Pyramids of Egypt: And all other Trophees of *Eternitie.*

AS by one mouer, motion, doth commence,
Euen from the *Center*, to circumference:
So from one good *Man*, many may ariſe,
Like-good, like-apt, like-faithfull, and like-wiſe.
This now is verified; The *Cecills* are
Stateſmen in time of peace, Souldiers in warre.

Epicedium.

What needs, thy Monument be raiſ'd?
What needs, the *Muſes* ſing thy worth?
What needs, thy memory be praiſ'd?
Or what needs Art, thy fame ſet forth?
Let Art, time, gold, the *Muſe*, and Men,
Guild falſhood, folly, ignorance,
Let them conſpire gainſt thee; and then,
The more they ſhall thy worth aduance.
They worke, write, raile, or praiſe to pleaſe,
" But *Truth* giues vertue, life, not theſe.

Darius *on a Graue-ſtone found*
This Epitaph: *Who digs this ground*
Shall treaſure finde. The greedy King
Dig'd there, but found another thing.
Within was written; Had'ſt not been
A beaſtly-minded man, I ween
The harmeleſſe bones of the deceaſt
Had in their quiet tombe tane reſt.
Who rips the coffins of the dead,
Findes fame and honour thence are fled
With life, the Subiect *of their Ire;*
Stench *onely ſtaies to pay their hire.*
" Worth *hath his* Epicedium *ſung*
" *By ennies ſhrill and ſlandrous tongue.*

WHen that rich *ſoule* of thine (now ſainCted) kept
Hir State on earth, my humble *Muſe* nere ſtept

Out of that ſweet content wherein ſhe dwelt,
To ſing thy worth, th'effects whereof we felt.
But now ſince death hath freedom giuen to thee,
To ſee thy ſcorne made others flatterie,
And that each mouſe on the dead Lyon leaps,
And euery riming pen, forg'd matter heaps
On thy bright frame, caſting their owne baſe durt
Vpon thy honour'd hearſe, (minding more hurt
To thee then *Death* or *Hell* can doe) I may
And muſt be bold (or ſinne) this truth to ſay.
Each cuidence thy foes bring, ſpeakes thy praiſe:
For what can more thy fame and glory raiſe,
Then to be rail'd on by the worſt of men,
Such as like out-lawes liue, not in the kenn
Of *Iuſtice*, or communitie? Baſe ſlaues
Whoſe crimes & ſins make their own neſt their graues.
T'was meet thy vertues eminent and hie
Should not vn-enuied liue, vn-ſlandred dye:
For then we might haue fear'd thou had'ſt not been
So abſolute a man; now it is ſeen
Euen by thoſe many ſhadowes *Enuy* throwes,
That thy worth was ſubſtantiall, and not ſhowes.
Detraction is perplext, and flies about
Ouer a world of Acts to ſingle out
Some one or two in thy whole life to ſcan,
And proue by thē (what *Death* did) thou wer't man:
Yet ſeeing that paſt credit, ſhe deſcends
To view thy body, and her venom ſpends
Not againſt it but nature, which did ſhroud
So great a ſunne vnder ſo ſmall a cloud.
But we that plainely ſee men ſildome riſe
Though they be learn'd, iudicious, daring wiſe,

Except

Except the body somewhat suites the minde,
And good cloathes suite the body too; are blinde
And mad with enuie if we yeeld not thee
Worth aboue thought, who to that high degree
Rose through the eminent parts of thy bleſt ſoule,
Aboue contempt, diſgrace, ſcorne or controule.
Nature did recompence thy want of clay
With heauenly fire; thy body could not ſtay
Thy actiue ſoule heere longer, t'was too light
A clog to keepe from *Heauen* ſo ſtrong a ſpright.
Well might thy body bea ſoule to thoſe
Whoſe more groſſe earthen ſoules did late compoſe
Blacke libells gainſt thy fame, and rak'd ſo low
Into thy purged excrements to know
What foule diſeaſe durſt kill thee, and then found
Many were guilty: for it could not ſound
They thought like truth, that one diſeaſe ſlue thee
When they hauing all yet ſcape to *Dedduck* free.
By this they ſhew that whatſoe're we thinke,
They know all theſe diſeaſes by th'inſtinck,
They are familier with them and of kin,
To their firſt cauſes of being deadly ſinne,
And of the elders houſe too. For the diuell
(Chiefe libeller formes all degrees of euill
And like good boies of his, theſe labour too
(More then diſeaſe, or *Death*, or *Hell* can doe)
To kill the ſoule, and to bely a fame
Which laughes to ſcorn, all *ſcorn*, & ſhames all ſhame.
You that ſtand next the helme and think y'are free
From their ſharpe viperous tongues, it cannot be;
If death comes, theſe *Rauens* follow, and perchance
(Time fauouring their deſires) th'ſile leade the dance

And

And raile at you too. Tis not you they hate
But our blest King, Religion, and the State.
And if (which God forefend) so stood the time
Y'ould see they could do worse, then they can rime.

Now I haue throwne my selfe into the way
To meete their rage, and (if I can) to stay
Their doglike malice rather on my head
Then suffer it pollute and wrong the dead.
If they alledge I giue him more then due,
You know their custome, they cannot speake true.
But if they say I gaue him lesse, their spite
Shewes neither I nor they can do him right.

The

The Sunne past by degrees those signes
Which to his sotherne seate inclines,
And now in Leo sate aloft.
The sweating labourer bans him oft,
The Shepheard melts, and ore the Plaine
His new shorne-sheepe seeke shades in vaine.
The Marchant, Sea-man, euery Trade
They say by him are Banckrupt made.
He beares it and (at height of noone)
Hides his bright beames behinde the Moone.
They sadly know it that doth presage
Dearth, death, warre, want to euery age.
And then his late wisht absence mone;
"Fooles wisemen misse, when they are gone.

Ince its decreed in heauen, found true on earth,
That all things haue an end which had a birth;

That

That no estate is fixed, nights follow noone,
Ebs second floods, change fils the hornd Moone
Which wanes againe at full, and shewes the glory
Of *Earths* best essence to be transitory:
How happy is that Man whose fate expires
Before declension crowned with his desires,
And hath his daies by vertuous actions told,
Guessing how much he would had he been old,
Since yong, his noted deeds out vied his daies
And he lack't not true worth but rather praise:
Few touch this point, yet hither seeme to bend
Preuenting ruine with a violent end
So *Otho*, and the *Persian Monarck* fell,
But this steepe way precipitates to *Hell*
Flattering with seeming help our wretched state,
Not curing woes, but making desperate.
Our way is holy, white, and leades to blisse
Not by oblique attempts. For nature is
Made priuy with our passage, and we stay
Till she leades gently on, Grace making way.
Not euery common *President* can fit
This golden rule, all aime, but few can hit
This narrow passage which more fames the man,
Then sayling twise through fatall *Magelan:*
Or girdling all the earth with one small bote,
Discouering gold, new worlds, things of rare note.
From hence the ground of thy great praises spri
O *Cecill* loued of God, good men, the King,
Borne vp not by stolne imps or borrowed plumes,
Which lets them fall who with high flight presume
Neere the suns scorching beames; thy native wor
Vertue, and actiue knowledge, set thee forth

Th

This Kingdomes *Pilot*, where no ſtorme or ſtreſſe
Could make thee loſe thy compaſſe or expreſſe
A ſhew of doubt, but firmely guide our ſtate
As th'adſt becne ruler both of chance and fate.
This well thy Maſter ſaw, who therefore plac'd
Thee next himſelfe, and with high honors grac'd
Thy great deſerts: more could'ſt thou not deſire
Nor earth afford; yet that which we admire
Was aboue this, euen in the top of theſe,
Being neerer heauen thither to mount with eaſe,
As if th'adſt tane th'aduantage of the time
On *Greatneſſe* ſtaires, helpt by good deeds to clime.
O happy thou, but wretched creatures wee
To ſee thy flight, and yet to ſlander thee:
To feele the fruite of thy life waſting care,
Which zealous for our good, no time would ſpare,
To cheeriſh nature, that we thus being free
Could onely freedome vſe to raile at thee.
Our idleneſſe proclaimes thy well ſpent time,
Since by thy meanes we leiſure haue to rime,
Whil'ſt neighbour States are acting it in blood,
Which we ſcarce heare of, neuer vnderſtood.
The benefite the Sunne giues to our ſight,
We ſee not halfe ſo well by day as night.
Want giues a grace to goodneſſe, when th'inioying
Confounds and dazells ſenſe like honny cloying.
Rome needes no target till the ſword be loſt:
Whil'ſt *Neſtor* wakes, well may *Thierſites* boaſt.
Shers and expert Maſters are all one
Plutar. in vita Fabij.
calmes and deepes, the ſhip there goes alone.
ut when the windes, ſeas, rocks, & ſands do fight,
he skilfull Maſter then keepes all vpright.

We

We feare no ſtormes the *Porpuſes* do play,
The *Dolphins* dance, and *Proteus* flocks do ſtray
O're *Neptunes* watry Kingdome ſafe and free,
None caſting doubts, or fearing what may be;
May this calme laſt perpetuall, and faith then
We ne're ſhall need thee *Cecil* nor ſuch men:
Others we haue to fill thy roome thou gone,
So *Ariſtippus* ſaith; ſtone ſits on ſtone.
We yet are ſenſeleſſe of thy loſſe, and find
No dangen in't. Like ſome within the winde
Of a great ſhot, whoſe violent thunder driues
The ſenſe into diſtraction, and depriues
The eare of preſent vſe: ſo did report
Of thy death make vs mad to raile and ſport,
To temporiſe, lye, flatter, ſo defaming
Our ſelues, ſtate, manners, law, religion ſhaming:
But now the fit being paſt, tis plain to ſenſe
" Though man forbears *Heauen* pleads for innocence
" *Vertue* o'recomes by ſufferance, and good deeds
" Are fenc'd by *Calumny*, as herbes by weeds.

The Cynicke ſicke and like to die,
To ſuch as aſkt where he would lie,
Made anſwer where you will; the field
Is large and roome enough doth yeeld.
But they reply'de, the fields are wilde;
Rauenous beaſts and vermine vilde
Haunt thoſe places; Kites and crowes
Who to dead men no mercy ſhowes.
True (quoth he) but if you pleaſe
Lay a ſtaffe to driue hence theſe.
Tis only man I feare aliue,
From my graue beaſts only driue.
"Though (liuing) we haue ſtaues for dogs,
"Dead w'are rooted vp by hogs.

Epitaphium.

EPITAPHIVM.

Romes poison, *Spaines* coplots, the *French* deſignes
Thy skill foreſees, diſcouers, vndermines.
Dog-like they lick'd the duſt, crouch't low, & faund
When (liuing) thy skil'd power did ought command
But (dead) they madly rage, grin, ſome for ſpite,
For toothleſſe curres will barke that cannot bite.

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY, HENRY DOILE, Esquire.

THE folly which in man with wit is fixt,
Must needs haue pleasant things with wholesome (mixt;
Else Nature loaths it. Homers *Frogs and Mise*
Instructs Achilles: Virgil *is not nice*
To tune an Oten pipe. These toies I send:
Accept; to please, and profit is my end.

Sic paruis Componere magna solebam.
Virg.

SATYRA AVLICA.

WHo (weary of contentfull Countries rest)
Repaires to Court, with patience had best
Fore-arme himselfe, both *Fate* and *Fortune* proofe
'Gainst all assaults, or wisely stand aloofe:
For plainnesse is despisde, and honestie
Is fellow Shakerag with simplicitie.
To be a Scholler, is to be a foole:
Rude impudency is the Courtiers Schoole.
Arts are but Lackyes to attend and waite
On Ignorance, Apparance, and Deceite.

Canſt thou ſeeme wiſe? Enough. This followes then,
"Vizards haue fayrer vizages then men.
To be a Souldier is to be a ſlaue,
Danger abroad, reproch at home to haue.
Deepe furrow'd woundsfreſh bleeding in the wars
Findes leſſe reliefe and pitty then the ſcars
Of muskey Courtiers, when their ſmouth ſlike skin,
Is bramble-ſcratched with a Ladies pinne.
Nor do they now (as er'ſt they did) delight,
The ſtubborne *Steedes* to mannage to the fight;
To tilt and turnay with ſtrong ſtaues of oake,
To fight at barriars with a *Brandons* ſtroake,
To dance in compleat armour, (but alas!)
To tilt, fight, dance, and turnay with a laſſe.
The *Scholerſhip* they vſe, is to diſcourſe
Of my Lords bloud-hound, and his Honors horſe:
To tell how well the one purſued the chaſe,
The other ſwiftly ranne a luſtie race.
Or if more high their heauy wits aſpire,
It's to diſpute of luſt, and looſe deſire.
Their Soulderie is ſwaggering in the Court,
Where none may ſtrike the vrger but in ſport:
To offer ſtrangers, ſtrange and foule diſgraces,
Preſuming on their priuiledged places.
Which ofttimes is repaide them, when they come
Abroad from court, they'r welcom'd like Iacke drum.
Their idle houres, (I meane all houres beſide
Their houres to eate, to drinke, drab, ſleepe and ride)
They ſpend at ſhoue-boord, or at penny pricke,
At dice, cards, tennis; or they will not ſticke
Rather then not be idle, to delay
At ſhittle cocke the precious time away.

O ſlaues! regard what ſlander doth ariſe
From your effeminate ſlow cowardiſe.
Haue you no Soules? no pens? no ſwords in hand?
Behold where curſed *Mahomet* doth ſtand,
Triumphing o're the Croſſe; the Iew beſide
And *Heathen* do our holy faith deride.
For *ſhame* vnſheath your ſwords, let not reproch
Your ſluggiſh eaſe in forraine kingdomes broch.
Caſt painted *Puppets* from your yeelding neckes
And ſcorne to ſtoope when the ſtale *Stumpet* becks:
Let ſtallians ſerue to quench the ſcorching heate
Of ſuch as marrow, oyſters, Ringoes, eate.
You that are Scholers, ſouldiers, or ſuch men
Whoſe ſoules ſeeke knowledge, flee this ſhady den
Of ignorance, let thither none reſort
But Taylors, Bauds, Perfumers, fooles for ſport,
Cookes, Painters, Barbers, Fidlers; theſe may hap
To ſleepe in fortunes net, and honors lap.
In honors lap? auaunt baſe dunghill groomes
You are but ſhadowes: honors lofty roomes
Muſt be ſupplide with men. Though *Iſis Aſſe*
Thinke men adore his greatneſſe as they paſſe.
Yet *Iſis* knowes tis falſe; then hence be gone
And let deſert be honored alone.
Fortune vſurpe no more, permit not fooles
To triumph ouer Souldiers, Arts, and Schooles.
Let not the wit for higher actions able,
Attend for ſcraps at *Ignoramus* table.
Faire *Cynthia* fill thy horne, at length ariſe
And chaſe theſe black clouds fro our troubled skies.

AN IRISH BANQVET, OR THE *Mayors feast of Toughall.*

TAles many haue been told by men of yore,
Of Giants, Dragons, and of halfe a ſcore
Worthies ſaue one, of Caſtles, kings and knights,
Of Ladies loues, of Turnaies, and ſuch ſights
As *Mandeuile* ne're ſaw; yet none like this
Which my Muſe howles: then liſten what it is.
[a] *Saturne* grew old, and the gods did agree,
That [b] *Ioue* ſhould him depriue of Soueraignetie,
And become chiefe himſelfe. A ſolemne day
Appointed was, when all the [c] Gods moſt gay,
Attired in mattles faire, and truſes ſtrange,
Came to behold this Lecher-like lou'd change.
The frie of all the Gods was there beſide,
And each his Baſtard had, his Whore and Bride.
The milk-white path which to *Ioues* Pallace leades,
In comely order all this rich troope treades.
[d] *Ceres* threw wheate vpon *Ioues* face moſt daintie,
Preſaging and foreſpeaking future plenty.
The well-inſtructed ſwine did follow after,
And for the wheate left ſomething that was ſofter,
[e] Ciuet, like Iriſh ſope. Sweete naturde beaſts,
Fit waiters at ſuch ciuill ſolemne feaſts.
At length the traine reach't the high Hall of *Ioue*.
The Gods ſat downe, the [f] Goddeſſes then ſtroue
For place and ſtate: but ✶ *Iuno* moſt demurely,
Plac'de and diſplac'de that day, as pleaſde her ſurely,

The

a Worthies.

a The old Maior. b New Maior. c Aldermen.

d An old wife.

e Smell out the meaning. f Aldermens wiues. ✶ Miſtres Maiores.

The tables ſtood full crownde with daintie diſhes,
Enough to ſatisfie the idle wiſhes
Of longing Wiues, or Maides grown greene & ſickly,
With eating fruite, and doing nothing quickly.
Huge [h] hands of butter not yet fully blew,
With qniuering cuſtards of a doubtfull hue.
Stewde prune, and bread that paſteth Malahane.
And honny ſweeter farre then ſugar cane.
Greene apples and ſuch plenty of ſmall Nuts,
That therewith ſafely one might fill his guts,
Though he were ſure the Cookes were Iriſh ſluts.
The goblets ſweld with pride, themſelues to ſee,
So full of French and Spaniſh wines to be.
Nectarlike Vſqua-bath, or Aqua-vitæ, (mighty
And browne Ale growne in yeeres and ſtrength moſt
Was there as plentifull as [k] Bonniclabbar,
That euery gueſt his cleane lickt lips might ſlabbar
In full ſatiety, till they were crownde
With *Bacchus* wreathes, and in ſtill ſlumber drownde.
The fidling [l] Spheeres made muſicke all the while.
And riming [m] Bardes braue meeter did compile
To grace this feaſt: When [n] *Phœbus* ſtanding vp
Tooke in his greaſie fiſt a greaſier cup
And drunke to *Daphnes* health, *Bacchus* replide
And ſtraighway quaft another to the bride
Of *Mulciber*. This health paſt all along.
Then *Mars* his feather wagde amongſt the throng
Carowſing *Pallas* health (braue wench and wife)
Which draught coſt bonny [o] *Cupid* both his eyes,
Straining to pledge it. *Maias* ſonne ſtood ſtill,
And ſlily mark't how *Ganimed* did fill
The ſeuerall healthes, which ſwiftly paſt arownd

h So they call their butter cakes.
i Bread of ſtuds.
k Common Iriſh drinke.
l Two fidlers and a blind boy with a bagpipe.
m Their Poet Chroniclers.
n One of the Aldermen.
o The fidlers boy.

Till

Till all the Gods, and Goddesses had bound
p Their browes with wreaths of iuy leaues and vines,
And each his forehead to his knee enclines.
q *Apollo* then slipt thence, and being halfe drunke
His burning bonnet doft, and slily sunke
His head in *Thetis* lap. So heauen lost light,
And cheerefull day was damp't with irksome night.
r *Ioue* yet disposde to mirth, bad *Iuno* spread
Her Starry mantle ore the worlds black head.
But s she inrag'de with plumpe *Lyeus* iuice,
And mad with iealousie, without excuse
Refusde to guild the then vnspangled skie,
With th'eyes of *Argus* her cow-keeping spie.
t And aided by Necessitie, and Fate,
And all the shrewder Goddesses, *Ioues* state
She durst assume, and boldly presse as farre
As all the Gyants in their ciuill warre.
They first bound *Ioue*, then all the other Gods,
Who were constrain'd by darknes, drink, and th'ods
Of this conspiracie, to condescend
To hard conditions for a quiet end.
u *Ioue* granted *Iuno* power of all the aire,
Her frowne or smile makes weather fowle or faire,
His thunderbolts and lightning she may take,
And with her tongue the worlds firme axtree shake.
From hence do women their free charter hold,
To rule gainst reason, or else cry and scold.
Proserpina obtained of her *Pluto*,
That such should only speed, who she-saints sue to:
That all affaires of man in state or purse
His wife should sway, or women that are worse.
From whence this custome springs in towne & city,

p They were almost all drunke.
q The sun went downe.
r Master Maior cald to his wife for candles.
s She was drunke & would none.
t She took Master Maior a box on the eare.
u Mistris Maiores might do what she would.

The wife growes rich, the bankerout begs for pity.
Venus got leaue to lie with all that loue her.
And that no sawcy god should once reproue her:
That *Mars* and she might dally, whilst *Don Vulcan*
Should freely to their pleasures drinke a full can.
Frō whence this vse proceeds, that wiues once wātons
Wage seruants, as the French the Swizzers Cantons.
You that are Statists looke vnto this geare,
Do not *Tyrone* and his rash striplings feare:
Feare not *Tirconnel*, nor those *Galliglasses*
That cut, and hack, and carue men as it passes:
Feare those which all these feare, those fathers holy
Which make the whole world their sole monopoly:
That crowne & vncrowne Kings, when as they please,
Play fast and loose like Iuglers with slight ease;
Dissolue all othes, though made with hand & heart,
And pardon all sinnes, x yea an Irish fart.
Feare these, and y those they ioyne with, lest too late
We finde our Ile an Amazonian state,
Where none but women, Priests and Cocknies keepe
As close as young * *Papirius*, and as deepe,
And none but these state mysteries may know,
Lest they to more fooles then thēselues should show
The * treasons, stratagems, and ·. golden fables
Which are proiected at their councell tables.
If this aduice be good, crie, *Ioue* be thanked,
And with that short grace close my Irish banquet.

x The eight deadly sin, and more shunned of the Irishmen then the other seuen.
y Their crosses, their wiues.

His historie is well knowne. * They plot and consult of nothing else.
·. Stories out of the Legend, which they beleeue aboue Gods Word.

To all those *Knights*, *Ladies*, and *Gentlemen*, to whom my Dedications are made, a true reason and excuse why I haue not placed them in their rancks and distances.

IF any of you now be discontented,
To haue your names found here, it is repented
On my part too: for I would no man wrong
Nor honour, but for merit in my song.
If here you finde your vertues be not proude,
But thinke you are by me and truth allowde
To weare Fames liuery, which if y' abuse,
Shee le soone pull off ageine, and as you vse
To deale with your euill seruants, put ye forth
Naked of honor, if you be of worth:
But whilst you be what now I know and write,
Your fames guard me, and I giue you your right;
Yet not in place, for I my selfe professe
To be no Herald; but if worthinesse
Had as much power, as many hath, to grace,
You should not (hauing so much worth) want place.

FINIS.

A

A

THE SECOND PART OF PHILOMYTHIE, OR *PHILOMYTHOLOGIE.*

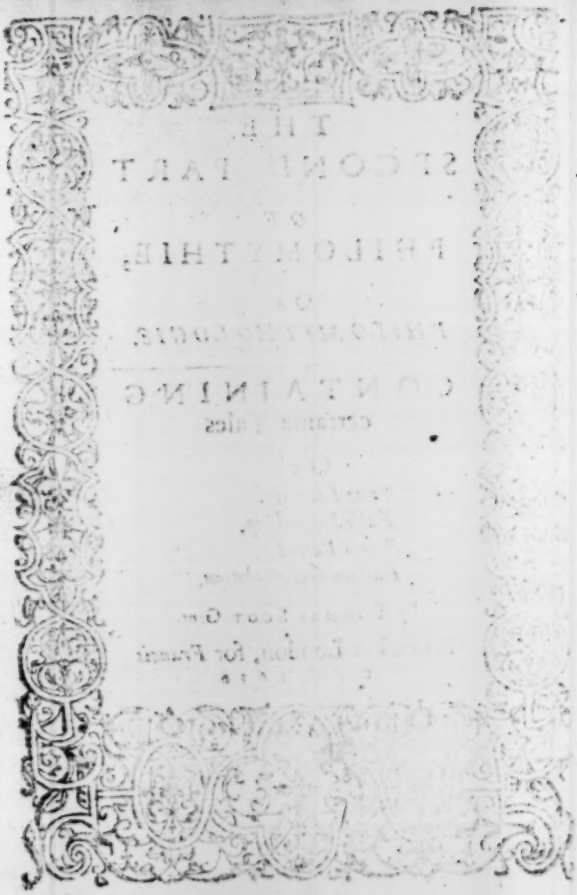
CONTAINING certaine Tales

OF

True Libertie.
False Friendship.
Power Vnited.
Faction and Ambition.

By THOMAS SCOT *Gent.*

Printed at London, for *Francis Constable.* 1616.



MONARCHIA.

Dedicated to all the worthy professors of the Law, who make not priuate wealth, but the good and peace of the Common-wealth the end of their studies and practise.

Though you (perhaps) be Gentlesse and few,
Friendlesse and poore, yet vis to you I sue
For kinde acceptance. You alone are they
Who by example guide vs in our way.
You looke not on the fee, but on the cause,
And follow truth, as truth doth lead the Lawes.
The rest, with vice, and wealths ill-gotten load,
Passe vnto death, in glories beaten road.

THe inhabitants of the Ile of Wight did hold No vertuous vse to harbour in their coast, For they no hooded Monkes, nor Fryers had, Nor Law-Reuerers, who make fooles run mad. With

Cambden de Insulis rectiu. This title is giuen them by our worthy L. chiefe Iustice of Eng.

With their ſtrife-ſtirring tongues; but liued as free,
From theſe, as by them others combred be.
And though our whole land cannot boaſt ſo farre,
That we from all ſuch vermin quitted are:
Yet happy is our Ile, that's hemd about
With water-walles, to keepe our enemies out;
Whilſt we (as *Adam* did) in *Eden* dwell,
And ſcarce of *famine* in an age heare tell.
Where hils are clad with woods, and vale with corn,
Whoſe laden eares doe liſten to be ſhorne.
Where ſhepheards neither Lyon doubt, nor Beare,
Nor rauening Wolfe which ſheep & ſhepheard teare;
But each in ſafety dwell, and tillie theepe
From all but Man, doe one the other keepe.
O happy are we if we know our good,
And if our ſtate be rightly vnderſtood:
To liue thus free vnder ſo bleſt a King,
Iuſt *Magiſtrates* and *Clergy-men*, that ſing
The ſongs of *Sion* in the holy tongue
Conuerting old men, and informing yong.
No ſpirit-tyrant *Pope*, ſtate-tyrant *Turke*,
Can here their bloudy ends and proiect worke;
But each in ſafety may his owne poſſeſſe,
More free then Kings, becauſe our cares be leſſe.
But moſt vnhappy are thoſe neighbour lands,
Where Peace and Plentie, as two ſtrangers ſtands;
Where bloudie war, and bloodleſſe *famine* ride
Vpon the ruin'd top of thankleſſe Pride:
Where Law deſtroid, Diuinity doctines,
And where the crowne the care of Kingdomes leaues.
Where men eate men, as beaſt deuoard by beaſt,
The ſtrong the weaker kill, the great the leſſer

Where tyrannie in triumph mounted hie,
Makes truth and innocence in dungeons lie.
This tale the difference shewes, that we may know
How much to God for our good king we owe.
An aged Hart, vpon mount *Carmel* bred,
Hauing as Admirall the Nauy led
From *Syria* through the Seas, to Cyprus shore,
Where all the Ile with greene is couered o're.
Hapt by a Parke to trauaile, where he spide
A yonger sad Hart, standing close beside
Th'impriſoning pale, and vsing all his skill
To free himselfe from thence, to larger ill.
Good brother (quoth the stranger) let me know,
What heauy thoughts they are that vex you so.
Why do you sadly so your selfe bemone?
Why hauing friends within come you alone
To feed sad melancholly, and inuent
To doe a rash act, which youle soone repent?
The younger Deere made answer, Can ye muse
Why I am sad, and wherefore I doe vse
All meanes to free my selfe, from being thus
A slaue to him that's foe to all of vs?
Know brother, I endure more sorrowes here,
In one halfe-day, then you in one whole yeere.
For you haue liberty to come and goe,
Though forrester and woodman both say no.
But I by cruell man, impriſond keepe,
Within this woodden walls, where none but sheepe
Hares, Conyes, Cowes, and other of my kinne
Are my associates, simple soules within.
I haue no beast of worth, of birth, or wit,
With whom I may conuerse, but faine to fit

My lofty spirit to the lowly straine,
Of base companions, sluggish, fearefull, vaine.
No Wolues or dogs come here, whereby decaies
The exercise of valure and the praise.
The traps for vermin, are so thicke beset,
That oftentimes they some of vs doe get.
The watchfull keeper, euery night and morne,
Commands the rise, and rest, with his shrill horne,
He with his lymehound rounds the pale about,
For feare least we be stolne or broken out.
He feeds vs cheerefully, and doth prouide
Sufficient meat, that's fit for euery tide,
But being fat, he chooseth which he likes,
And through our sides, death-fetched arrow strikes.
Thus all he doth, is his owne turne to serue,
And for his owne life doth our liues preserue.
Then gentle brother helpe to free me hence,
And my swift thanks shall yeeld you recompence.

Stay brother mad-brain stay, quoth Light-foot the
If you were out, you'ld wish you in agen.
I was in *Syria* borne, and euery yeere
A dangerous voyage make, for what you here
Enioy with proud contempt. We cannot find
"Content on earth, without a thankfull mind.
You slight your ease and plenty, we, alas
With toyle seeke that which you with scorne let passe.
Our meat is gotten, we like to robbers watche,
So what we feed on, here and there is snatcht.
The pale you call your prison rather may,
Be tearmd your Castle, Garden, Closet, Stay,
To keepe out others from those ioyes of yours,
Or to preserue you from these woes of ours.

Whilst

Whilst we without by Lyons, Leopards, Beares,
Wolues, Eagles, Serpents, and a thousand feares,
Are howrely vext, beset, besieged so,
That as our shadowes, death doth next vs goe.
Yet none our deaths reuenge, nor craues account,
How our neglected blood is lauisht out.
For euen that Man (which is your guard) to vs
Proclaimes himselfe a foe, most dangerous.
He hunts for our destruction, cheeres the hound,
Rides, runs, whoopes, hollowes, and at euery sound,
Rings our shrill deaths bell with so fearefull blast,
As charmes our ioynts to heare, whilst hounds make
To finish our desired death, and glut haste
With our sweet flesh, each vermins maw and gut.
Thus doe we die abroad, for euery man
Claimes right in vs, and labors all they can,
Our weary feet in toyles, nets, snares t'inclose,
When you haue friends, to guard you from your foes
If therefore you haue told me truth that there
You doe no creature but your keeper feare,
O bring me to this prison, shew me how
I may obtaine a blessed life with you.
Direct me to a leape, ile soone leape in.
'Tis happinesse, vnhappy to haue been.
With that he mounts the pale, adue quoth he,
Vaine, wide, wild world, who serues the law is free.

Epimythium.

There hath been long disputation to find out the true freedome. The world holds opinion that Libertines who doe what they list, and lust whatsoeuer is vnlawfull

lavvfull are onely free men. *Caine* vvas founder of this brotherhood. He might doe what he liſt, he was a vagabond exempt from lawes, he had a marke of priuiledge ſet vpon him to keep him from puniſhment here. Our Ieſuits and King-killers being exempt from the temporall ſword are free of this company. But the child of God whoſe affections are mortified, who obeis law for conſcience ſake, who is a law vnto himſelfe, is the onely freeman; for to him the Magiſtrate bears the ſword in vaine. He would be honeſt without law, and will be honeſt if the law ſhould forbid him. Yet vvould he not reſiſt, but ſubmit himſelfe to power. He is free of that company whereof S. *Paul* profeſſeth himſelfe one when he ſaith, *I haue learned in al eſtates to be contented.* How much more happy are they who liue vnder the protection of a good king, and wholeſome lawes, then theſe are who liuing here like outlawes goe without contradiction out of momentany pleaſure & liberty into eternal ſlauery & puniſhmet

The Cony-burrow.

¶ Dedicated to the louers of worth, and friends of vertue, who follow *truth with a ſingle heart, and ſpeake it* with a ſingle tongue.

Be innocent, but circumſpect withall,
The Turtles mate may be the Turtles ſtall.
Be wiſe, yet truſt not wit. The traps we make
For others, firſt doe our falſe fingers take.
What we delight to vſe, take pride to weare,
Takes vs; as Abſalon hang'd with his haire.
Then walke vpright, to neither hand encline,
There's nought frees innocence, but grace diuine.

THe Polcat, Ferret, Lobſtar, Weaſel, made
A ſecret march, the Cony to inuade:
Which no way they could compaſſe, whilſt he kept
Himſelfe abroad, when as he fed or ſlept.

At

At last the Polcat to the Cony went,
With this smooth speech. Good couſen my intent
Hath been long ſince t'acquaint you with our kin,
And tell ye how our couſenage came in.
Your Grandame was my careſull foſtermother,
To your kind ſire, I was a foſterbrother;
My education, nurture, and my foode,
From my youth vouchſafed from your ſweet brood.
In recompence whereof, my thankfull mind,
A fitte requitall long deſired to finde.
The time is come, for I haue lately found,
A ſecret plot, wherein the cunning hound
The cloſe diſſembling Tumbler, *Lurcher* ſwift,
With Raynard that knowes many a ſubtill ſhift.
The Eagle and the Goſhauke, haue agreed,
Their ſtomache with your dainty fleſh to feed.
Firſt they intend the hound ſhall hunt ye our,
And by your footing heare ye once about.
Then ſhall the hy pounce, the *Tumbler* trie,
To cheate you of your life, with his falſe eie.
But if he faile, the Lurcher with his ſpeed,
Will ſnatch yee vp (they hope) and doe the deed.
If not the Eagle, Fox, and Goſhauke, ſweare,
To eat no meat, till on your lims they teare.

The harmleſſe Cony at this dire report,
Ready to ſound, beſought in humble ſort,
The wary Polcat him inſtruct and teach
A way, how he might eſcape his foes long reach.
Faith (quoth the Polcat) you perhaps might hide,
Your ſelfe among thicke buſhes vneſpide,
But that the Hounds and Lurcher both are there,
Whoſe ſents will quickly find ye out, I feare.

Againe

Againe vpon the rocks, you might remaine,
But that the Eagle, Fox, and Gollsauke faine
Thei'l watch ye there; ſo that no other way
Remaines to ſcape with life, but night and day
To ſcrape and grate with your forefeet, a den,
Within the earth, where ſafe from beaſts and men,
And foule, and euery bloody foe you ſhall,
Your life ſecurely lead in ſpight of all.
The ſimple Cony doubting no deceit,
Thought treaſon had not councell for a bait.
And therefore thanks his foe, and (glad at heart)
To dig his owne graue vſeth all his art.
A ſandy place he ſeeks, and finding one,
Free from all clay, or flint, or other ſtone,
He with his forefeet grates, and makes a burrow,
As deepe, as if he ment to trauaile thorow,
The body of the earth, and meet the Sunne,
When it vnto the *Antipodes* doth run.
Which hauing finiſht, he prepares a feaſt,
And there the Polcat is the chiefeſt gueſt.
The Lobſter, Ferret, Weaſel too muſt goe,
To ioy him in his houſe, they loue him ſo;
And their great friend, the ſiluer-ſuited Snake,
Muſt needs along with them, and merry make.
He welcomes them, and doth before them ſet,
What iunckets he with purſe or paines could get.
The Lyons Court hath not a dainty diſh,
But he prouides it, euen beyond their wiſh.
"Yet they that long for blood, till blood be ſhed,
"Cannot be ſatisfied, though fully fed.
Ingratitode! thou monſter of the minde,
Art thou not only proper to mankind?

Is there a beast that can forget his friend,
And for his owne ends, worke his fellowes end?
Is there a beast whose lust prouokes him kill
The beast that did him good, nere wisht him ill?
Is there a beast who vnder kindnesse can
Dissemble hate? O then thrice happy man!
Thou art not only he that kilst thy brother,
Some beasts there are that murther one another.
Some foules, some fishes, Serpents some there are
Who pray vpon their kind in open war.
And some that vnder friendship falsly faind,
With fellowes murther haue their natures staind.
Nay there is one who can so couer euill,
That man may iudge him Angell, find him diuell.
He first with sweetmeats poysond *Adams* seed,
Since when of sweet meats wisest men take heed.
So need not these bould guests, they eat and drink
And then rise vp to play, but neuer thinke
Ought fadgeth right, till they haue brought to passe
The purposde plot for which this meeting was.
Therefore (dissemblingly) the Polcat gins,
To licke and catch the Cony, and so wins
Hould vnderneath his throat, which hauing fast,
The tragedy begins, the sport is past.
For all assault him then on euery part,
Some at his sides, some at his head and heart.
Some at his belly, but the poisonous Snake,
Doth at his tayle a deadly issue make.
The helplesse Cony sues, intreats, and striues,
But he must die had he ten thousand liues.
Each foe his greedy gorge with blood doth glut,
And with his sweet flesh cram each hollow gut.

But

"But blood that's ſweet in taſt, is not ſo ſound,
"To feed vpon, as milke that's eaſier found.
The Snake with poiſonous touch had venome ſpred,
Through all the ſwelling vaines, from taile to head.
And they had ſuckt the blacke infection in;
A fitting vengeance for their crying ſinne.
Straight they their ſtomackes find not well at eaſe,
And ſomething feele, that doth their minds diſpleaſe.
The Weaſel firſt ſuſpects the Snake, for he
Can neuer with a Serpent well agree;
Saies, they are poiſond all by one baſe ſlaue,
Whoſe company the Ferret needs would haue.
The Snake replies, he did no more but what
He was appointed to performe by plot.
And if they fooliſhly had eat their laſt,
He could not mend with ſorrow what was paſt.
They find it true, but find it now too late,
Each rauing dies, and yeelds conſtraind by fate.
Yet ere they die, all doe their farewell take,
By ſhaking teeth together on the Snake.
Who deadly wounded, crawles but faintly thence,
Confounded with the guilt of his offence.
And heeding not his way, by good miſhap,
Became a priſoner to the warriners trap.
This feaſt was ended thus, death tooke away.
And where they did not well we mend it may.

Epimythium

Some are of opinion that wiſedome conſiſteth in the ability to giue good counſell. But I think the knowledge how to take good counſell, and how to diſcerne the differencs of aduiſe, is the principall part of wiſedome. That Frog in *Æſope* which in a great drought ſpying water in a deepe pit aduiſed his fellow to leape downe, that they might be ſatiſfied and liue there, gaue good counſell and ſeemed to be a patterne of the firſt wiſedome ſpoken of. But the other Frog that refuſed his aduiſe, and dined deeper then the preſent time, then the bottome of the pit with this queſtion; But if the water faile vs there, how ſhall we then get out or how ſhall we liue there? was a figure of the ſecond wiſedome, and teacheth vs that it is harder to take good counſell then to giue it. Let vs therefore beware in this point, and learne to looke

a little beyond that good which is firſt and moſt apparant in euery proiect, The ſecond and third good is that which we muſt reſt on: for truth is often moſt remote and neereſt the bottome, all that ſwims vppermoſt is the froth and falſe-good and fraud.

The Houſe of Fame.

Dedicated to all the noble attendants of Royalty in the Campe of *Vertue, Who fight for the honor of the Church* and Common-wealth.

Till now of late we feard that lowd report,
Of Creſſy *field,* Poicters, *and* Agincourt,
Fought by our Kings and Princes heretofore,
Had not been true, or ſhould be tould no more.
We wondred if thoſe Nobles euer were
Whom fame for armes and bounty did prefer.
We doubted all our Countries had forgot,
The deede of Audely *or beleeud it not.*
We thought our Nation was of worth bereft,
When bowes and arrowes and brown bills were left.
But ſee, occaſion now hath turnd our eyes,
To inward wars where greater wonders riſe.
To ſee affection conquerd, luſt chaſtiſ'e,
Pride humbled, Murther ſlaine, all vice deſpiſ'e.
And all old vertues freſhly now renende,
By faire examples as the Sun ere vewd.
In which braue war of wonders (paſſing far

All other conflicts that compounded are
Of loue and hate, each Lord who lends a hand
To fight gainſt vice for vertue, doth this land
More honor then his Anceſtors before
In conquering France, and ſhall be famd for't more.
Some for their Prudence who found out and led,
Others for zeale through whom the enemy fled.
Others for Art, whoſe skill the ſquadrons placed
Others for Iuſtice who the enemy chaſed.
And ſome for Conſtancy, who held it out.
And ſtill vnwearied, not vn wounded fought.
But none more fame attaind then mercies ſquire,
Who beg'd to giue, all ſauing in deſire.
He Audely-*like taught Courtiers how to craue*
What they might giue away, and giuing ſaue,
Saue free from feare of forfeiture or loſſe,
Or the re-begging of the next yeeres croſſe.
Or enuies eye-ſore, or the Commons hate,
Or poores complaint, or greeuance of the ſtate.
To him and to the reſt, this tale is ſent,
Howſoeuer taken with a good intent.

Ame that in *Homers* time a vagrant was,
Without a houſe and home, did after paſſe
In ſtately ſtructures all the mixed race
Of Semdeities, and euery place
Built her a Court, aſſiſted by the Rages
Of fundry Poets in ſucceeding ages.

For euery one did something ad, to frame
More ſpace and room for their friends narrow fame.
Which as they purchaſt, ſtill to her they gaue
And that's the cauſe, themſelues ſo little haue.

This Fame hath now her houſe glazde al with eies,
The rafts, beames, balkes, nerues, ſinewes, arteries;
The dores wide open, eares, hangd round about
With nimble tongues, and couerd ſo without.
All things are ſeene and heard the wide world ore
Which touch that place, and farthеſt off the more.
The Houſe of Fame built vp foure ſtories hie,
Stands in an open plaine, in which doth lie
Foure ſiſter twins, *True fame, and good* the firſt,
And eldeſt are; falſe and bad fame the worſt.
And yongeſt payre, yet ſwifteſt are in flight
And though laſt borne, yet oft come firſt to light.
Theſe laſt dwell in two darker roomes below,
Among the thicke Crowdes where all errors grow.
There keepe they Court, where Scandals, Libels, lies,
Rumors, Reports, Suſpitions, calumnies,
Are fauorites and Gouernors of State,
Whoſe practiſe 'tis true worth to ruinate.
Falſe fame liues loweſt, and true Fame aboue,
Bad Fame next falſe, good fame next, true doth moue.
Yet good fame ſomtime doth with falſe fame ſtay,
And bad fame ſometime doth with true fame play.
But falſe and true (oppoſd) will neuer meete,
Nor bad and good fame, one the other greete.

It ſo fell out (as oft ſtrange things befall)
A gallant Knight, ariued at that faire Hall,
Attended on with ſuch a noble ſort,
Of warlike ſquires, as fild this ſpatious Court.

Who curiouſly enquiring of the rout,
Whoſe Court it was, could no waies find it out.
For contradictions croſt each other ſo,
As truth from falſhood he could no waies know.
Bad fame did call it hers, and ſaid, ſhe was
A guide to ſuch as vnto glory paſſe.
Falſe Fame did call it hers; he ſaw they lide,
For 'boue their heads, two brighter Queens he ſpide.
True fame ſpake to him then, and let him know,
That ſhe and good fame did the building owe,
Being eldeſt borne, to *Titan* and the Earth,
Before the Gyants war: when th'others birth
Long ſince was ſubiect to their parents ſinne,
And heauens curſe which now they liued in.
For as thoſe Gyants gainſt the Gods did war,
So theſe to truth profeſſed enemies are;
Had by ſtrong hand, and fraud, vſurpd her ſtate,
And to expreſſe to vertue vtmoſt hate,
Had bard all paſſage to their houſes hie,
That mortall men might in obliuion die
Or haue their memories blaſted, glories kild
By eating time, with lies and ſlanders fild.
She wiſht him then if he his good deſired
To haue repeated, or his ſpirit aſpired
To worthy honor as old knights had wont,
(Whoſe ſwords not ruſt, but too much vſe did blunt)
That he would vſe ſome meanes to ſet them free,
Whereby his bleſt name might eternizd be.
Good Fame then told him, that the only way,
How he this enterprize accompliſh may,
Was by the helpe of mercy, prudence, art,
Iuſtice and zeale, and Conſtancy of heart.

All

All their knowne friends to ſummon vp in armes,
To force the place, and to diſperſe thoſe ſwarmes
Of idle vagabonds; who kept below
And hated good Fame, would not true fame know.
Then (ſince the ſtayres of fame were broken downe,
And dores ſtopt vp to glory and renowne)
She wild him make an engine wherewithall,
He might her lodging and her ſiſters ſcale.
And ſo himſelfe in ſpite of peril, raiſe
Aboue the reach of enuy, or diſpraiſe.

The Knight (in ſpirit rauiſht with delight
To heare their ſpeech, to ſee their goodly ſight)
Mounts his fierce Courſers backe, with which at hand
His Squires attend vpon his ſtrict command.
Wils euery one of them to take a dame,
Such as the Ladies of the houſe did name,
Who there attended that they might direct
This high attempt, with order and reſpect.
The Squires with willing minds the knight obaide,
And each behind them tooke a louely maide.
Prudence directs her Squires to lead the way,
(Who followes her direction cannot ſtray.)
At length they come vnto a fruitfull wood,
Wherein a world of vpright timber ſtood;
Tall Cedars, Cypres, Pine and royall Okes,
With country Elmes, and Aſh for plow and yokes.
The learned Laurell, and the weeping Mirrh,
The ſmarting Birch, and the ſweet ſmelling Firr
Grew there in order, and all trees beſide,
Wherein the thrifty Woodreeue taketh pride.
The knight ſurueies all this, yet finds not one
Fit to beſeld y rill *Prudence* lights vpon

A proud ſtraight *Aſpe*, whoſe waueing top did leane
On a ſlight *Poplar*, with ſome ſhrubs betweene.
The curſed *Elder*, and the fatall *Yewe*,
With *Witch*, and *Nightſhade* in their ſhadowes grew,
Whoſe ſaples tops, with mildewes often ſtood,
And grew ſelf-leare, and ouertopt the wood.
The *Raueu* & *Shreik-owle* there did build their neaſts,
And at their roots did harbour harmefull beaſts.
Which *Prudence* ſaw, but mercy would not ſee,
Till ſhee perceiu'd how euery other tree
Droop'd vnderneath the height of theſe alone,
And could not thriue, or grow till theſe were gone.
She therefore (ioynd with *Conſtancie* and *Zeale*)
Beſought ſharpe *Iuſtice*, who doth euenly deale
Her warie blowes, to fell all theſe with ſpeed;
Who ſoone conſents, and ſoone performes the deed.
At euery ſtroke ſhe fetcht, the trees did grone,
The reſt did eccho laughter to their mone.
And now they lye along, their branches topt,
Their barke pild off, their trunks aſunder chopt.
Then *Art* with rule and line, theſe vſeleſſe payer
Frames (engine-like) a ſtraight clowd climing ſtayer
To mount *Fames* houſe; this euery *Squire* doth reare
And brauely on their backs do thither beare.
But *Mercy* ſeeing all the other ment
To burne the *Chips*, to ſaue them ſhe is bent.
And, with her *Squire*, the knight praies, let them lye,
For he ſhall gaine, and glory get thereby,
Since chips which cut from *Aſpe* and *Poplar* bee,
Do ſoone take roote, ech growes a goodly tree.
The knight conſents, and fenceth round the ſpring,
Whoſe forward growth doth hope of profit bring.

And

And now, together to the house of *Fame*
With speede they passe, where first the *falsest Dame*
Salutes them with a lye, and saith shee heares
Her *Sisters* are together by the eares,
And haue destroyde ech other; this she had
From her *Twin-sister*, who tells rumors bad.
They slight her leasings, and with speed assay
To raise the lather, where bold *Zeale* makes way;
But *false Fame* and *her Sister*, lay about
To hinder her, with all their rascall route.
Slander, *foole-hardines*, *and heartles feare*,
With foolish Pittie, *and false Loue was there*,
Dissemble Infidelitie, *and secret Hate*,
And treason too, *that cleft dissembling mate*.
Who all with open mouth, and open lyes,
All waies to stop this honord worke deuise.
They raile, and fight, intreat, and curse and ban.
The Knight proceeds, in scorne of what they can.
And mounts the ladder, with his sword in hand,
Which soone disparkles, such as dare withstand.
Zeale hales him vp, and *Prudence* guides him right,
True Constancie encourageth the fight,
Mercy saues all the innocent, who swarme
For companie, not with intent of harme;
Art orders euery act, the engine staies
And helpes the Knight step after step, to praise
The lusty squires below, with sword and lance,
Withstand bad fame, whilst Justice doth aduance
Her heauy hatchet, and strikes off the head
Of both the leaders, and there leaues them dead.
Which when their troopes discouer, they forsake
Th'vsurped fortresse, and themselues betake

To heady flight, into a marsh neere hand,
Where many whispering reeds and Osiars stand.
There they like out-lawes doe themselues inclose,
In wilfull banishment, with all the foes
Of this good knight, whose valure vndertooke
This high attempt, that Fame might rightly looke
On all deseruers, and that man might finde,
Like freedome for his tongue, as for his mind.
That vertue might be crowned by true fame,
And honest meaning liue with honored name.

Which promise gladly both the sisters swore,
In solemne forme; and now as heretofore
The freedome of their tongues they both possesse;
And worth is knowne from base vnworthinesse.
The knight they humbly thanke, and him they crown
The Soueraigne of glory and renowne.
Which stile, Fames trumpetters the fowre winds blow
Through th'earths foure quarters, that the world may
Th'extent of vertuous actions, how no power (know
Can stop their passage, nor lanke Time deuoure
Their sweet remembrance; which shall liue as long
As nature hath an eare, or eye, or tongue.
To euery Squire then they this fauour giue,
That after death their Fames shall euer liue;
For still those Ladies, whose imploiment they
So well aduanc't, shall duly night and day
Repeate their labors, and prefer them far
Beyond *Alcides* workes, as peace doth war
Surpasse in glory, or those works we doe,
VVhen others wills, and ours we conquer too.

Now 'tis proclaimd that if we tell no lies,
We may with boldnesse speake and feare no spies.

That what this age hath done, this age may heare,
As well repeated now as the next yeere.
That all our words our selues shall first expound,
And that no forc't construction shall confound
Our honest meaning, but bee't ill or well,
We may with freedome our opinions tell.
Since no man dares to doe the thing which he,
Would not haue all the world both heare and see.
These orders ratified, they fall to sport,
And fill with maskes and reuells all the Court.
The sequel I refer to Fames relation,
Whose golden trumpe sounds vs a blessed nation.

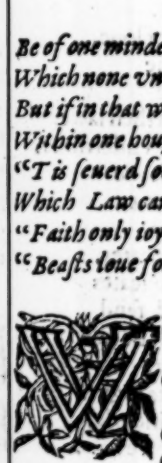
Satellitium

Now that this age hath done that age may boare,
As well to praise as the rest were,
That all our world our Lord hath crowned,
And that no force countervaile shall confound
Our health, nor hurt, but be it for well.
We may with freedome our opinions tell.
Since no man dare to doethe thing which hee
Would not haue all the world both heare and see.
Thole orders ratified they fall to sport,
And fill with musicke and reuelle all the Court.
The loquell rejoyce in Simeons relation,
While golden triumphe found vs a blessed nation.

Satellitium.

Dedicated to all that ſtand Sentinell, that watch and ward in defence *of this kingdome, eſpecially to the ſtrength* and guard of the State.

Be of one minde; Religion tyes a knot,
Which none vndoes, by practiſe or by plot.
But if in that we differ, be our breed
Within one houſe, or wombe, of all one ſeede,
"T is ſeuerd ſoone by hate, reſpect, or gold,
Which Law can neuer ſoulder, art make hold.
"Faith only ioynes, what nothing ſunder can.
"Beaſts loue for benefits, for vertue Man.



Ho guarded round about with Parthian bowes,
Or Spaniſh pikes; or hedg'd and dikt with rowes
Of ſturdie Ianiſaries, or the ſhot
Of hardy Swizzars, or the valiant Scot.

And

And after these with walles of steele and brasse,
Hemd in so close that scarce the ayre may passe
Betwixt the cliffes, is not so free from doubt,
As is that King whom loue doth guard about.
Whom subiects loue doth guard, because that he
Guards them from all oppression, and makes free
His noble fauourers to desert and worth,
Spreading his radiant vertues frankly forth,
That both his owne may finde, and neighbors know,
What glorious fruit doth from religion grow.
How sweet an odor Iustice sends to heauen,
How rare example is to Princes giuen.
By vertuous deeds, to stop the mouthes of those,
Who vnreform'd are reformations foes.
Such one sleepes safe within the armes of loue,
Diuine regard doth all his subiects moue
To due obedience; and with sacred awe
Binds conscience, with a stronger bond then lawe.
Such heauen informes, whilst hell doth vndermine,
And spite of darkest plots with grace diuine
Doth hedge about, that naked in the armes
Of enemies he is preseru'd from harmes.
They sleepe securely, feed on holesome cates,
Angels their beds make, cookes their delicates
Giues Antidotes gainst poysons, doth defend
Gainst damned witches, and their God the fiend,
No Iesuits at their elbowes can do hurt,
Nor troopes of Papists that their courts ingirt.
For God doth them in his blest armes inclose,
Safe, though their chiefest fauourites were foes.
Psal. 45. O happy then good Kings proceed, ride on,
Grow vp in glory, as you haue begun.

Ride

Ride on for truths ſake, looke on either hand,
How you are guarded with a heauenly band
Of bleſſed ſpirits, who ſhall lead you ſtill
In holy paths, and guide your ſteps from ill.
Theſe being with you, you ſhall boldly tread *Pſal. 91.*
Vpon the Lyon, and the Dragons head,
And trample danger vnderneath your feete,
As men tread ſtones, or dirt within the ſtreet.
Which only ſpraids them; your heauen-garded ſtate
Is ſafer far, then that of Mithridate,
The King of *Pontus*, vnto whom befell,
What ſtrange aduenture in this tale I tell.
This King perceiuing well there was no band,
Of duty, loue, or nature, could withſtand *Ælianus.*
The ſtrong inticement of corrupting gold,
Or baſer luſt, or humor ouerbold,
Or fond ambition (which makes empty ſlaues
Swim bladder borne vpon the floting waues
Of falſe Opinion, with the arme of pride,
Of borrowed power, and ignorance beſide)
But that theſe would peruert the faith they had,
And cauſe them after farther hopes run mad;
Did to preuent all this, a guard prouide
Of faithfull beaſts, whoſe ſtrength had oft been tried.
A Bull, a Horſe, a Hart, the Captaines were,
Of this ſtrong guard, whoſe force did nothing feare
But falſhood, and Ingratitude, and Treaſon,
From which they were as free, as man from reaſon
Why knowing more then beaſts, he ſhould not hate
As they doe, to be treacherous, and ingrate.
Theſe three together being put to feed,
And ſport themſelues till there were farther need

Of

Of their knowne faith, together long did dwell
In peace and loue, till on a time it fell
That they with reſt and eaſe full fed and fat,
Had time to play, to dally, and to chat.
Then did the wanton Hart propound a courſe,
Betwixt himſelfe and the couragious Horſe,
The warlike Horſe did dare the horned Bull
To make one in the race, who ſtraight way full
Of burning choller, and adufted blood,
Bad cowards run, he for no foorman ſtood.
Twas meet for them that durſt not ſtand it out,
To vſe their heeles, his heart was too too ſtout.
The angry Hart replies, ther's none of you,
But may to me as to your better bow,
I ſwifter then the Horſe, my feet can vſe,
And for my head, the Bull ile not refuſe
To combat with, my courage I am ſure
Is like my ſtrength as able to indure,
And doe, as either of you dare or can,
And more I am eſteemd by royall man.
Thoſe Serpents which you run from, I ſeeke forth,
And teare them with my teeth as nothing worth.
And as my life to man is ſweet and pleaſing,
So is my death, each part ſome ſorrow eaſing.
My hornes all mortall poyſon can expell,
My marrow makes ſtiffe-ioynted miſers well.
My fat yeelds ſtrength and ſweetneſſe, that fierce lad
Achilles, neuer other ſpoonemeat had.
Which made him ſuch a Captaine, euery part
Is phyſicall and comforteth the heart.
Yea euen my excrements the dropſie cures,
My teares, like precious Iewels, man allures.

To

To ſeek them vp, where ſeuer they be ſhed.
My skin great Captaines weare when I am dead,
And boaſt that they haue ſuch a coat of proofe,
Which wounds withſtands, whence venome ſtands
Then why (O baſer creatures) dare you brag (aloofe.
And match your ſelues with the long liuing Stag?
My life is long, cauſe I with coſt am wrought,
But nature ſlights your liues, as good for nought.
The creſted Horſe, with fiery eies did ſhow,
What inward rage did in his hot blood flow
To heare this bold ſpeech vttered, and with head
Toſt in the ayre his hardned hoofes doth tread
The ſcornd earth with contempt, then thus breaks
O thou the fearefulleſt of all the rout (out;
Of hunted beaſts, how haps it that you dare
With me your maſter and your Lord compare?
Forget ye my preheminence? the loue
Man beares me? how one ſpirit ſeems to moue
Me and my rider? that we ſtart and run,
Stop, turne, trot, amble, as we were but one?
Haue you at any time been calld to war,
Where none but Captaines and great Souldiers are?
Truſted to heare their Councels? on your backe
Borne the Commander of that royall packe?
I haue done this and more, borne him about
Through worlds of danger, and then borne him out.
He truſts me when his legs he dare not truſt,
And when his hands faile then performe I muſt.
Nay when he failes himſelfe in euery part,
I adde another life, another heart.
In war I thus befriend him, in his need,
And ſo in peace, I helpe his wants to feed.

I till his land that elſe would barren be,
Beare all his carriage, and am ſildome free
From ſum imploiment, but muſt neere him ſtand
As being fit, and apt for his command.
If he to viſit friends abroad doth fare,
I muſt along with him, true friends we are.
If he intends to hunt ſuch beaſts as you,
For ſport, or hate, or need, he lets me know
The time, the place, the end, and we agree,
I ſee the ſport, and hunt as well as he.
How often haue I ſeene ſome fearefull Hart,
Perhaps your ſire, at my dread preſence ſtart.
Fly hence with vtmoſt ſpeed, and neuer ſlacke
His willing pace, when I vpon my backe
Bearing my noble maſter haue at length
O'retane the lubber, hauing loſt his ſtrength?
Whilſt I ſtill foming courage, breathing ſprite,
Haue ſought another conqueſt long ere night;
And after that a third, vnwearied yet,
Yet you your ſelfe as Paralell will ſet
To match and ouermatch my worth, my force,
As if weake Stags might braue the peerleſſe Horſe.
For phyſicall receipts ile eaſily yeeld,
Aliue I profit man, you being kild.
This makes him ſeeke your death, my life to ſaue,
Yet being dead my parts their vertues haue.
Which I refer to others to relate,
As ſcorning Hog-like to doe good ſo late.
This only I conclude, If man ſhould chooſe
To ſaue but one, hee'd both of you refuſe.
The armed Bull ſweld, puft and roard alewd,
To heare the Hart ſo bold, the Horſe ſo proud.

And all the while they ſpake, he toſt about
With hornes and hooſes the duſt; then bellowed out
This bolder braue; What ignorance is this,
That cauſeth both of you, ſo much amiſſe
To boaſt your falſe worths, and neglect the true,
Which reſts in me, belongs to none of you?
The Wolfe, the Greyhound, and each queſtling cur,
Makes thee poore trembling Hart keepe ſuch a ſtir,
To ſhift thy layer, as if thy life were loſt,
With euery faint blaſt, that the leaues downe toſt.
And this couragious Horſe, that makes a quoile,
Of wounds in war, and tilling of the ſoyle,
With many other vſes fit for man,
(As they that leaſt can doe, beſt cauill can)
Let this his anſwer be, the ſpur and bit
Shewes man truſts nor his courage, nor his wit.
For if he tyre or faint, his ſpur prouokes,
And prickes him forward, with continuall ſtrokes.
And if with headſtrong heat, he madly rides,
The bridle curbes him, and his folly guides.
"All voluntary acts the actors praiſe,
"Not ſuch as others by conſtraint doe raiſe.
"Out of our natures, whilſt we eaſily are
"Made inſtruments either of peace, or war.
Elſe might our horned Heards, the reſcue boaſt
Of *Hannibal*, and his diſtreſſed hoaſt,
When he with lights and torches tyde to vs,
Eſcapt the trap, of lingring *Fabius*.
But truth is far from ſuch offents, thoſe deeds
We call our owne, which from our choice proceeds.
The yoke we beare, and wherewithall we till
The earth for man, is by conſtraint, not will.

Plutarch vita Han.

Cunctando reſtituit rem. Ennius.

What comfort from our flesh, or from our Cowes,
By calues, or milke, or Cheese or Butter flowes,
Or physicall receipts, as they are more,
And vsefuller, then what you both before
Haue mentioned, so freely I confesse
Man hath in them the glory more or lesse.
His wit and industry, in them is seene,
And th'Authors goodnesse from whom first we been,
War is the good you glory in, which springs
From mans ambitious ignorance, and brings
Wants, woe, and death, with many ills beside,
To scourge vs all, through our great masters pride.
Then at the best, you are but slaues to such,
As feeding you, foode to their like doe grutch. (take,
And through your force, their owne reuengements
Whilst you to stout men, cowards equall make.
For what from you they borrow, they must grant
They feare their foes enioy, whilst they doe want.
Thus therefore all the nobler nations vse
To fight on foot, whilst coward rather choose
To share with beasts in glory, and to get
Themselues a name, through your foole hardy heat.
So you on them, and they on you depend,
Such seruice iudgement neuer did commend.
And thus in sportiue war, and warlike sport,
You doe your rider from himselfe transport.
Whilst you not manlike grow, but beastlike he
Resembles you, in all these sports we see.
Yea often to mischance you doe betray
Your heedlesse rider, and in midst of play
Precipitate his soddaine fortune so,
That who hath you a friend, shall need no foe.

But may himselfe, a happy man proclaime,
If by your meanes he scapes without a maime.
But now if either of you, thinke you can,
Out of your owne worths, proue more fit for man,
And better able to defend, and guard,
Him whom we serue, from whom we haue reward,
Then I can with my hornes, and harnast hide,
Proceed to triall, I defie your pride;
And with bold challenge summon you to fight,
A triple combat, to decide the right.
They both with eager appetite accept
These wisht conditions, and by this haue stept
Far from each other, all prepard doe stand
At full carere, to ioyne this trebble band.
The field triangle wise they euenly cast,
And each with rage expects, that dreadfull blast,
Which warnes them charge. Each roreth out his wrath,
Nor other need of drums or trumpets hath.
The Hart doth bray, the bounding Steed doth neigh,
The Bull doth bellow, deepe, and lowde and high.
The earth doth tremble, and the ayre doth shun,
This dreadfull thunder; as when laden gun
Spits forth its load, in scorne to be restraind,
The ayre giues way vnto the bullets chaind,
As dreading to resist so mighty force,
Thus meete the valiant Bull, the Hart and Horse.
The Hart and Horse first touch tha appointed place
Being more swift, and apter for the race.
And let each other, with much danger feele
The force of horned head, and armed heele.
But ere a second bout they can performe,
In comes the boystrous Bull, like winters storme,

And

And seuers them with such a violent push,
That they amazde, turne giddy with the rush.
But (nimble both and active) they repay
The lurdie Bull, with all the speed they may. (reele
The Hart with his broad hornes, doth make him
But the kinde Horse, vpholds him with his heele.
The Bull thanks neither, for the one did pearce
His hollow flanke, the other much more fearce,
Did breake a rib, and bruise his shoulder blade,
And taught him with leise choller to inuade.
Yet th'ods is soone recouer'd with his horne,
Which hath the belly of the *Courser* torne.
And rent one weaker beame, from branched Hart,
As trees by thunder riuen, or clouen athwart.
The subtle Hart, then shuns those ruder blowes,
And th'ods of hand strokes too dearely knowes.
The Horse taught by his wounds, doth keep aloofe,
And stands vpon defence, with hardned hoofe.
The Bull assaults them both with watchfull eye,
And seeks how he aduantages may spie.
The Horse and Hart vpon their guard do stand,
In doubt and iealousie, on either hand.
The Bull assaults the Hart, but he giues way,
And slips his furie with what slight he may.
Yet turnes not head, as fearefull cowards will,
But wefts aside, to tyre his foe with skill.
The Bull then strikes the Horse a deadly cuff,
But he requites him with a counter buff.
The Hart strikes in betwixt, the Bull turnes rownd,
The Horse leaps right vp, doth coruet, and bownd;
So at one instant, fatally they meete,
The Bull his death meets from the Horses feet,

The

The Hart thaduantage takes, the Horſe aloft
Strikes his one horne into his belly ſoft,
Which there hangs faſt, the Horſe doth with his fall,
Breake the Harts necke, this is the end of all.
None hath the conqueſt, all of them are ſlaine.
Their deaths not doubted, long they there remaine,
Till that the King their Maſter, hauing neede
Of their attendance, goes his guard to feed,
For none might tend them elſe, leaſt they acquainted
With others bribes, by treaſon ſhould be tainted.
So enters he the place, and there he ſpies
What doth affright him, all his comfort lies
Dead at his feet, then ſadly going neere
Their carrion corpes, he doth a murmur heare,
As armed ſouldiers in a City ſound,
Or fire in th'ayre, or wind within the ground.
And doubting the ſucceſſe, three ſeuerall ſwarmes
He ſees prepard for fight, and vp in armes.
Bees from the Bull, Waſpes from the Horſe do ſtart,
And Hornets from the melancholly Hart.
He motions peace, and hopes to part the fray,
They ſend three ſouldiers, who ſends him away.
For each of them doth fix his venomd ſting,
Within the fleſh of the amazed King.
He flies with ſpeed from thence, they fight it out;
The conqueſt all expect, all feare and doubt.
But what befell I know not, this I know,
The King cride out aloud. The euils that grow
From pride, ambition, and exceſſe of grace, Epimithia.
"Like thankleſſe curs, flie in their maſters face.
"Beaſts will be beaſts, doe bounty what it can,
"Tis caſt away, thats giuen to worthleſſe man.

O Princes banish faction from the Court,
It sowres all actions, leaues euery sport.
And at the last, when it should sweetly close,
From one false friend riseth a thousand foes.

FINIS.